



Vol. V.—No. 43.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

Four Cents.

THE GAME FOWL. NUMBER ONE.

CONTINUED.

FEEDING GAME FOWLS.

In the days of cock-fighting Game fowls were, old and young alike, too often subjected to an injudicious system of feeding; it was pursued with the young birds to bring out their pugnacious habits as early as possible, and with the old birds to retain them in the requisite condition. If casualties from this unnatural diet were then more rare, the cause would probably be found in the greater skill of the feeders, and the attention with which a bird's progress was watched from hour to hour; but the severe trials by which the bird's system was tested, as to powers of enduring fatigue and exhibiting courage and endurance, are circumstances that happily seldom affect the poultry-keeper of the present. On many occasions have we already raised our voice to deprecate the excessive use of flesh—and that, too often, not of the best quality—in feeding fowls; and the observation of each day confirms our former impressions; and one of its most fatal results is this, that in many cases injury is not detected till some sudden fit terminates existence, and the petted favorite drops before our still admiring eyes.

GAME FOWLS AS STOCK FOR PROFIT.

From the numbers of Game birds, of greater or less purity of blood, that are seen in the farm-yards of this country, it is evident that, in an economical point of view, they must be favorably regarded by many of those who pay but little attention to form or feather. Now, there is probably a general acquiescence in the common idea of the ever-quarrelsome disposition and pugnacious habits of this bird that greatly prejudices its claim for admission to the poultry-yard; but those who have studied it most carefully will confirm our opinion, that, his rule once recognized, the thorough-bred Game fowl is not justly liable to such objections. Competitors, it is true, he will not brook; but if, after the preliminary trial of strength, precedence is allowed him (and few of other varieties will long contest it), he manifests nothing of a vindictive spirit, and is easily induced to allow the championship of other cocks in subordinate position. The Danglehill and other birds—the Hamburgs in particular—will renew their combats day by day, and the victor of one hour is often the fugitive of another. But with Game fowls the cock of the walk claims and receives general homage; and not only abstains himself from these scenes of strife, but insists that his companions also shall exhibit the same peaceable demeanor. The younger birds, it is true, do not always at once settle among themselves who is to be the best man; but was betide them if their appeals to arms are witnessed by their senior. Where a numerous head of poultry, comprising several cocks, are kept at large in a farm-yard, the advantage of such monarchical authority is constantly acted on, though doubtless to the ultimate detriment of the stock, for which, however, the maintenance of peace is thought to compensate.

In suitable localities Game fowls are kept at a very small cost; for when indulged with a good grass walk, a little corn morning and evening, is found sufficient to keep them in good order; they are thus well suited to the farmer's present system of poultry keeping; for after ten weeks or three months old the greater part of their food is procured abroad, and their owner's corn but sparingly required. Yet, kill a game fowl when you will, it is always in good condition; and thus, where fowls are not put up to feed, they afford a ready supply whenever they may be wanted. Farmers' wives are well aware of their good quality in this respect, and hence another reason for the periodical introduction of a well-bred Game cock into their poultry-yards, though the pugnacity of the hens may be frequent matter of complaint.

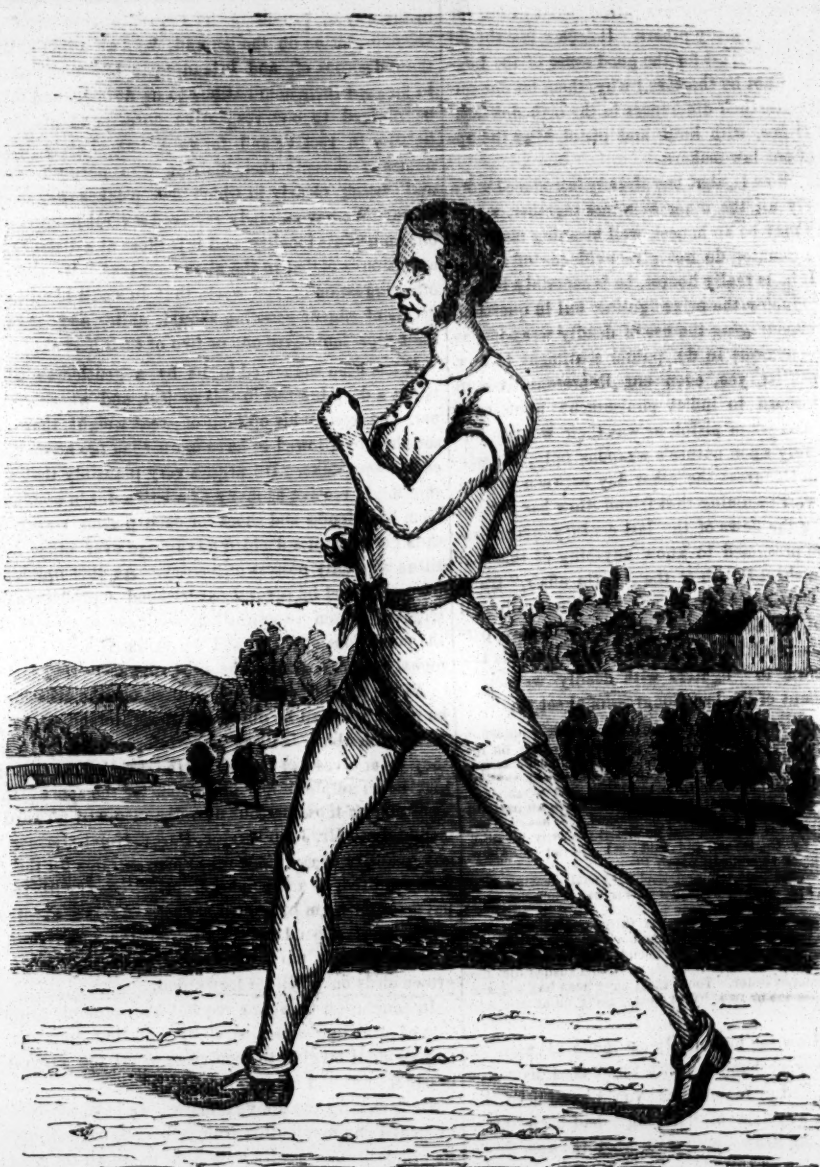
Mr. Roscoe tells us that Game chickens at five months old, if well fed, should weigh 5 lbs. the couple, while he calculates their cost from 3s to 3s 6d.—a price which for birds of such unquestioned excellence would leave a very satisfactory margin for profit. This supposes liberal feeding and attention while young, and a good run so soon as they are able to profit by it. There certainly can be no question of the superiority of such birds as dead poultry over the stuffed and crammed tenants of feeding-coops; they truss capably, and their plump full breast will bear comparison with any occupants of the poultry-er's counter.

If any of our readers should desire the *ne plus ultra* of excellence in a fowl, let him eat and pronounce his opinion on the wing of a well-fed Game pullet, and we should have no fear of his disagreeing with this expression of our own judgement on the good qualities of these birds for the table. A celebrated physician at Liverpool once declared his conviction that there was more nutriment in one of the Knosley Game fowls than in the largest capon that the London market could possibly produce.

The prices of Game fowls are very uncertain; but as yet the poultry mania has not placed them at any extreme rate; and good birds for breeding-stock may be usually obtained at from 5s. to 10s. each. In the East it is far different, for we are told by M. de la Gironiere, in his "Twenty Years in the Philippine Islands," that he saw 40,000 francs betted upon a cock which had cost 4000 (£160), and in a few minutes this costly champion fell, struck dead by his antagonist.

AS EXHIBITION BIRDS.

The Birmingham Exhibition of 1852 contained the best collection of Game fowls that probably were ever collected together at one time and in one place. Continuous wet weather had greatly marred the beauty of most of the classes on that occasion; but the vigor and hardihood of constitution of the Game seemed to have carried them well through what had evidently proved so severe a trial to many of their neighbors. A Game fowl, too, steps out of his basket after a journey by sea or land, which would test most severely other fowl, as unconcerned and



CHARLES WESTALL.

Born in London. Age, 33. Height, 5 feet 9½ inches. Weight, 9 stone 10 lbs.

Beat Sam East, 10 miles, £80.
Beat Ben Butler, 20 miles, £50.
Walked 20 miles in 2 hours 58 minutes, £400.
Beat G. Seward and W. Jackson, running 1 mile for the Championship, the three starting together, £75.

Beat William Spooner, 10 miles, for the Champion's belt and £50.
Beat Robinson, Jones, and many others, at running and walking.

apparently as indifferent to fatigue as if brought from his walk but half an hour previously.

The Game fowls that competed in Bingley Hall in 1852 were evidently desirous that spectators should be impressed, not merely with the brilliancy of their feathering, and the grace of their form, but also with their full retention of traditional prowess, so numerous were the encounters, and so disastrous in many instances the consequences. One cock disliked his temporary wife, probably but lately placed with him for the purpose of exhibition, and the fair sex themselves were generally averse to remaining in amity with each other; the tomahawk could not, indeed, have performed its work more efficiently on the scalps of some of the combatants than their own natural weapons.

Birmingham will probably be long distinguished by the excellence of its Game classes, for the Midland counties have for many years been the head quarters of these birds. Cambridgeshire, Suffolk, and Hertfordshire on the east, and Cornwall and Devonshire on the west, with the north of England generally, are the districts where they are held in most repute. Ireland and Scotland are also spoken of as producing good specimens; but of such birds we have no personal experience.

DISEASES.

When we come to speak of diseases peculiar to Game fowls, our reader's patience need not be taxed, for of all fowls none appear more exempt from the usual maladies of the poultry-yard, either as chickens, or in their more natural state; and even when attacked, their great constitutional strength carries them through their maladies with few casualties.

They require, like other chickens, to be watched when feathering, and distemper to be guarded against by careful housing and protection from wet, administering their food in small quantities, not less than three or four times a day. At a more advanced age, when breeders are sometimes too anxious to force them on by very stimulating food, and too abundant a supply of it, their digestion may prove unequal to the task thus improperly imposed upon it, and a stuffed-up or congested crop is one of the results; the remedy will then be spare diet or soft food, to which is often added a four-grain pill of aloes every day; the bird to be kept warm till convalescent. Our own treat-

ment, however, would rather suggest a teaspoonful of olive oil, the purgative effects would be less trying to the birds than aloes.

The amputation of the comb and wattles of the Game fowl, technically called "dubbing," is best performed at six months' old, the instrument being a sharp pair of scissors. To save the bird from excessive loss of blood, the removal of the wattles is sometimes postponed to a second occasion. The comb is taken off as close as may be to the bone, so that the latter is not bared. However reluctant to inflict pain, dubbing is still a wise precaution for all who keep Game fowls under any circumstances. Whatever our care and arrangements for peace and harmony, combats will occasionally take place, when the comb is a fearful vantage hold for the foe. Thus it often happens that our favorite, whose fair proportions we were unwilling to curtail, either falls before his adversary, or, even if victorious, remains with lasting tokens of the fray.

TO BE CONTINUED

LIFE OF A LION.

Let us sketch a story of a lion's life, beginning with his marriage, which takes place toward the end of January. He has first to seek his wife, but as the males are more abundant than females, who are often cut off in infancy, it is not rare to find a young lady pestered by the addresses of three or four gallants, who quarrel with the acerbity of jealous lovers. If one does not succeed in disabling or driving away the others, madam, impatient and dissatisfied, leads them into the presence of an old lion, whom she has appreciated at a distance. The lovers fly at him with the temerity of youth and exasperation; the old fellow receives them with calm assurance, breaks the neck of the first with his terrible jaws, smashes the leg of the second, and tears out the eye of the third. No sooner is the day won and the field clear, than the lion tosses his mane in the air, as he roars, and then crouches by the side of the lady, who, as a reward for his courage, licks his wounds caressingly. When two adult lions are the rivals, the encounter is more serious.

An Arab, perched in a tree one night, saw a lioness followed by a tawny with a full grown mane. She lay down at the foot of a tree; the lion stopped on his path

and seemed to listen. The Arab then heard the distant growling of a lion, which was instantly replied to by the lioness under the tree. This made her husband roar furiously.

The distant lion was heard approaching, and as he came nearer, the lioness roared louder, which seemed to agitate her husband; for he marched towards her as if to force her to be silent, and then sprang back to his old post, roaring defiance at his distant rival.

This continued about an hour, when a black lion made his appearance on the plain. The lioness rose to go towards him, but her husband, guessing her intention, bounded towards his rival. The two crouched and sprang at each other, rolled on the grass in the embrace of death. Their bones cracked, their flesh was torn, and all this time the lioness crouched, and wagged her tail slowly, in sign of satisfaction. When the combat ended, and both warriors were stretched on the plain, she rose, smelt them, satisfied herself that they were dead, and trotted off, quite regardless of the uncomplimentary epithet which the indignant Arab shouted at her.

This, Gerard tells us, is an example of the conjugal fidelity of my lady: whereas the lion never quits his wife, unless forced, and is quite a pattern of conjugal affection.

Our lion, then, is married, let us say. He is the slave of his wife. It is she who always takes precedence; when she stops, he stops. On arriving at the *dowry* (the collection of tents—what we call a "village") for their supper, she lies down, while he keeps into the enclosure and brings to her the booty. He watches her while she eats, taking care that no one disturbs her; and not till her appetite is satisfied does he begin his meal. Towards the end of December they seek an isolated ravine, and there she presents her lord with one, two, and sometimes three, puppies, generally one male and one female. If the reader has ever seen or handled a puppy lion, he will understand the idolatry of the father and mother. She never quits them for an instant, and he only quits them to bring home supper. When they are three months old their weaning commences. The mother accustoms them gradually to it, by absenting herself for longer and longer periods, and bringing them pieces of mutton carefully skinned. The father, whose habitual demeanor is grave, becomes fatigued with the frivolous sports of children, and for the sake of tranquillity removes his lodging to a distance, within reach, however, to render assistance if required. At the age of four or five months, the children follow their mother to the border of the forest, where their father brings them their supper. At six months old they accompany their father and mother in all their nocturnal expeditions. From eight to twelve months they learn to attack sheep, goats, and even bulls; but they are so awkward they usually wound ten for one they kill. It is not till they are two years old that they can kill a horse or bull at one bite. While their education is thus in progress, they are ten times more ruinous to the Arabs, since the family does not content itself with killing the cattle required for its own consumption, but killing that the children may learn how to kill. At three years old the children quit home and set up for themselves, becoming fathers and mothers in their turn. Their places are occupied by another brood. At eight years old the lion reaches maturity, and lives to thirty or forty. When adult, he is a magnificent creature, very different in size, aspect, color, and disposition, from the lions to be seen in the menageries and zoological gardens—animals taken from the mother's breast, bred like rabbits, deprived of the fresh mountain air and ample nourishment. As an indication of the size attained by lions in a state of nature, we may cite the fact mentioned by Gerard, that the strongest man in the cavalry regiment to which he belonged was unable to carry the skin and head of the lion Gerard had killed.

"I'D LIKE TO JINE."

WAR down East, where Sunday lasts from Saturday evening till sundown on Sunday, and where witches were roosted like geese in the olden times, and "Thanksgiving" is kept with all the fervor of older and roast turkey, there lived a Deacon Hough, a good old soul, but sadly afflicted with deafness, so that with his piety and difficulty of hearing, the "last trump" might have been blown or played out, without disturbing his equanimity. A custom obtained in that region of "down East" which would seem curious here, but was beneficial, nevertheless, in accordance with which it was always announced in church beforehand, who intended to be married; also when a member of the congregation was very ill, it was customary to desire the prayers of the church for the recovery, or the salvation of the soul of the sick person. It was also a habit for those intimately acquainted with the person who was ill, to rise and "speak right out in meeting," saying that he desired to join in supplication for the recovery, or the salvation of the soul of his friend.

Deacon Hough was always forward upon these occasions, and upon the announcement of the desire of the prayers of the congregation for a sick person, he was ready to jump upon his infirm-looking legs, and cheep out "I desire to jine!"

Once a good old grey-headed person arose after the service, and announced the intention of two remarkably ebony-colored persons to be wed. Old Deacon Hough did not hear accurately, and, mistaking the subject, rose, and leaning far over the gallery, squeaked out, "I'd like to jine!"

Puritan and straight-laced as the congregation was, a broad smile swept over it, like the bursting of a thunder cloud after a shower, and left the pores of the heart open to the influence of the service.

"Your horse has a tremendous long bit," said a friend to Theodore Hook. "Yes," said he, "it is a bit too long."

Why is a chicken-pie like a gun-smith's store? Because it contains fowl-in-pieces.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. R., Toronto.—"We have had a race here to-day (Feb. 1,) between two gentlemen, which has occasioned some dispute, and which the judges are still unable to decide. The distance was 100 yards, for 30 a side. At the end of the course stood two men, (the judges) holding between them two handkerchiefs tied together, the men were to run between these two parties, the winner as a matter of course carrying off the handkerchiefs. The men ran together, came in right alongside, and one of them succeeded in carrying off the handkerchiefs. Now the question is, are we to call him the winner, or are we to call it a draw, deciding by their bodies?" To win the race, it is necessary that one of the parties shall break the handkerchiefs before the other. If the judges are satisfied that both broke together, then the party who carried off the handkerchiefs is not the winner, and the race must be run over again.

SAVER'S NATIVITY.—Since our last we have received several letters on the subject of the birth place of Tom Sayers, a correspondent in that issue having asserted that Tom was born in Ireland. These correspondents desire that we should settle this question by stating where Sayers was born, whether in Ireland or England. In the report of the battle between Sayers and the Slasher, which took place in June last, a history of the man and his doings was given, in which we find it recorded that Tom Sayers was born in Pimlico, near Brighton. He is, therefore, a native of England. The correspondent who sent the statement, in our last, that Sayers was born in Ireland, informs us that it was so stated in an Irish paper.

SLASHER, Philadelphia.—"There were three prizes raffled for, the three highest throws taking the prizes. In throwing, there were two 4's, two 3's, and one 2, these being the highest throws. A dispute arose as to whom the prizes belong, and how they shall be awarded. It is left with the CLIPPER to decide. The three prizes are awarded as follows: The two 4's take the two highest prizes, throwing off for choice, or otherwise settling the choice between themselves; the two 3's then throw off for the third prize, the highest throw taking it; 3's has no claim on the prizes whatever.

S. H.—The largest stake fought for in England was that in the match between Pearce and Gully, \$5000, also between Spring and Langton, same amount. It is a difficult matter for us to attempt to decide the question as to which pugilist the greatest amount of money was ever bet on, although we are of opinion that the largest sum was bet on Broughton, when he fought Slack, on the 10th of April, 1760. It is recorded that on that occasion, the Duke of Cumberland, alone, lost \$50,000, which he had bet on Broughton. Slack won the battle, Broughton being beaten blind.

E. S. F., Providence.—We should think that those who make it a business to breed, for sale, the game fowl, would never allow a bird to go out of their possession unless they were fully persuaded that it was all they had represented it to be; but we have reason to believe that this rule is not observed in all cases. It is to be hoped that in future more attention will be given to the interest of purchasers by those who have game fowl to dispose of.

YOUNG PED, Cambridge.—Such a performance, one mile in four minutes and ten seconds, at four starts, is certainly creditable; but it has been surpassed on more than one occasion. Charles Westhall, in August, 1853, was matched to run one mile, at four separate starts, in four minutes; 80 minutes rest between each quarter of a mile run being allowed him. He performed the mile in three minutes and fifty-two seconds.

DEAF BREAKER, Columbia, Pa.—1. Bob Travers fought and defeated Baker, Jesse Hutton, George Crockett, Cleghorn, and Bill Hayes. He was beaten by Job Cobley, the only time he has been defeated in the F. R., up to the latest date. 2. In the match on the Hunting Park, Philadelphia, between Mac and Tacey, when 2:30 was made, Tacey was the winner.

SEABOARD, ALL FOURS.—"In playing a game the other evening, Jack was the lowest trump card out; in playing, the holder of Jack lost it. The question in dispute is, does Jack count low and Jack? If so, who scores the point for low? In such a case, Jack counts twice, and the party to whom Jack was dealt, scores one point for low, while the party who captured the card, scores one point for Jack.

YOUNG ROCK, Detroit, Mich.—1. Paddock fought and was beaten by the Slasher, on the 17th Dec, 1850. 2. The fight between the Buffalo dog Slasher, and the Canada dog Boney lasted two hours and five minutes. 3. About the dog, address H. Jennings, No. 49 Madison street.

R. S. MATHIEU, London, Eng.—"Will you please give the names of the horses that have trotted twenty miles in the hour in your country?" Two only have ever performed the feat, Trustee, and Lady Fulton, the former in 59 minutes 35 seconds; the latter in 59 minutes and 45 seconds.

G. W. M., Savannah.—The Christy Minstrels are doing so well in London that it is uncertain when they will return. 2. Mark McGuire has the place formerly kept by Mr. Sheehan—Coburn trained part of the time there before Mark purchased it.

J. M. F., Boston.—"A and B are playing, each being two; A then makes high, and B low. In counting for game, both count alike. Who scores for game in such a case?" The non-dealer.

READERS, West Philadelphia.—1. The bird must be on the wing when shot at. 2. When once the bird is out of bounds, it is considered lost.

OLD FACTORY, Boston.—"Which is the highest, Bunker Hill Monument, Charleston, or Trinity Church steeple, New York?" The latter.

W. BLAIR, Milwaukee.—1. Yankee Sullivan and Hammer Lane fought nineteen rounds, occupying thirty-four minutes. 2. Hyer and Sullivan fought sixteen rounds, in a little over seventeen minutes.

PRESTON, Baltimore.—Mr. Charles Bass was born in London, and made his first appearance on the American stage, at New York, in August, 1845.

FRANK OF NEW YORK.—In an examination of our weather records, we can find no allusion to the East River being frozen over for such a length of time during the years 1854 and 1855.

A. B., Boston.—We are unable to direct you with certainty where to procure the breed mentioned. On other portions of your letter we may have something to say in a future number.

J. SUMER, Philad'a.—We have not had time to make a search, but will probably be able to answer you in our next.

W.—The ship-of-the-line Pennsylvania was built at the Philadelphia Navy Yard.

JAS. CARTWRIGHT, St. Louis.—There having been no fight, the bets are drawn.

A FRIEND, Dover, N. H.—Says that John Duley, the Ethiopian comedian, is a native of New York, but has never performed there.

J. P., Baltimore.—Tom Paddock fought and was beaten by the Tip-top Slasher.

S. C., Pottsville.—We received letters from the other party, so we concluded to omit all.

BROWN'S BOY.—1. Phil. Clare and George Leese fought in April, 1852. Clare was the winner. 2. Bendigo is still alive.

R. S. T., Boston.—John Fitch was the first man that applied steam to vessels, in this country, as a motive power.

C. and J., Pittsburgh.—C, having wagered that he could beat J., and having only tied him, loses the bet.

BLIND DAY, Poughkeepsie.—"Please decide a small wager by giving the nativity of the Duke of Wellington." He was born in Ireland.

APPRENTICE, Keyport.—The first steamship that crossed the Atlantic, was the Savannah, in the year 1819.

J. M. GARR, Albany.—Louis Philippe was deposed in Feb., 1848: Louis Napoleon was elected President in the following December.

J. H. G.—The steamboat Rip Van Winkle, of the Albany and Troy line, ran on the river Delaware.

C. C. S., Lewisburg, Pa.—Money received. The name of the correspondent has been forgotten.

W. C., Route's Point.—Drop a line to Mr. M. Rusk, No. 1217 North Fourth street, Philadelphia.

FANCY DANCER, Dedham.—We cannot say where you may obtain a pair of clops.

H. B., Norwalk.—Should be pleased to receive an occasional article on the subject.

FRED HATCH, Charlestown, Mass.—The CLIPPER of the date mentioned is out of print.

H. K. S., Boston.—The money received pays for three times each. We do not want stamps.

H. HARVEY, Charlestown.—The celebrated dog Tanner is still alive.

STREET BOY, Wapuan, Wis.—The remittance was duly received.

INQUISITIVE.—Crawford, the sculptor, was born in Cincinnati.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS FROM NOW.—In our next.

F. T., Boston.—Think it would take.

M. D.—Young Sport's correct name is Napoleon Campana.

T. B., Clarysville.—You can run over them both.

A READER.—First quality match ball, \$1.50; ditto ball, \$2.50.

NOTES AND QUERIES.

INFORMER OF GAME FOWL.—A correspondent sends us the following recipes for diseases of the game fowl:

No. 1.—FOR RATTLES.—2 drachms tinct blood root, 1½ oz. tinct lobelia, ½ oz. syr. squilla. Teaspoonful morning and evening. Keep in a dry place.

No. 2.—SWOLLEN HEAD OR EYE.—Drop 1 drop barium oil in the eye, and rub a little on the outside.

No. 3.—RITTENING THE NOSE.—1 drachm tinct blood root, 7 drachms glysterine, 6 or 8 drops injected up the nose at night.

No. 4.—FOR WARTS.—Rub with savine ointment.

No. 5.—TO PREVENT WARTS.—Rub with salt and brandy after fighting.

No. 6.—FOR CANKER IN THE MOUTH.—10 gr. blue vitriol, 1 oz. tinct black root.

No. 7.—FOR INWARD CANCER.—Steep wild sun flower in ½ pt. water; give to them as a drink.

A FRIEND TO THE GAME FOWL.

CURE FOR DROPPED POULTRY.—Take two ss. asafoetida, ½ pint common whiskey, pour into the wing, and wash well head and nostrils three times a day; feed, milk and bread; if this don't effect a cure, cut the head off all those that will not improve under this treatment.

JONATHAN DOWNEY.

GAME FOWL.—Worcester, Feb. 6, 1858.—FRANK QUINN.—Dear Sir: Will you or some of your correspondents, have the kindness to inform me through the columns of the CLIPPER, if there is anything that will prevent pulling of feathers by Yewie; I have a very fine stag, and am constantly troubled about his plumage on this account. Also, which breed of game fowl is considered the best, everything considered for fighting. What is your opinion of the Counterfeit and Tartar Breeds, and which is the best. G. C. C.

STOW ON PRIZE FIGHTING.

In the Legislative proceedings at Albany last week, we noticed that a Mr. Stow introduced a bill for the prevention of prize fights, &c. We herewith append a copy of this bill, for the edification of the sporting community, and the glorification of its author:

1. That any person who shall, by previous arrangement, take part in any fight without the use of any deadly weapon, and any person who shall challenge, or take a bet on the result thereof, or who shall advance or give any countenance to such fight, shall be punished by a fine not exceeding \$1000, or by imprisonment not exceeding one year, or by both.

2. In case death results from injuries received in such fight, all the before mentioned parties are to be deemed guilty of murder or accessories thereto.

3. In case the parties leave the State for the purpose of fighting they shall suffer the same punishment as though the offence was committed in this State.

4. Any person so engaged may be a competent witness, but in such cases the testimony given shall not be used in any prosecution, civil or criminal, against the person so testifying.

We have italicized a portion of the first section, to which we desire to call the especial attention of the reader.

It will be perceived that Mr. Stow desires to punish those only who fight without the aid of any deadly weapon,

thus actually offering a premium, as it were, for the carrying and use of the knife, the pistol, and the bludgeon;

a praise-worthy proceeding, certainly, for a law-maker to engage in. But the truth of the matter may be summed up in a few words: Mr. Stow has introduced this bill for

unbecome, as he has many others. If such a law should be passed, (which we trust for the good sense of the Legislative body will not be the case,) why, then, let our

pugilistic friends settle their differences in the orthodox fashion, according to law, with knife and pistol, after the approved mode of our law-makers.

Who this Mr. Stow is, that has already introduced more bills than nearly all the other Senators together, we do

not know. He may be an honest, well meaning man, but his actions as a Senator do not give evidence of such a supposition. If he is really honest, he is certainly behind

the age in introducing the prize-fighting bill in question, for instead of encouraging the use of deadly weapons, as

Mr. Stow seems anxious to do, public sentiment is now strongly against it; yea, even our Representatives in

Congress now scorn to inflict punishment upon each other with the dagger or pistol, as was their wont in former days, and rely upon nature's weapons only; as, witness the fight in Congress the other day between Messrs.

Keitt and Grow. Presuming that friend Stow has not got through reading the news of the last century, and therefore will not be presumed to know anything of this last

fight, we give a short sketch of the "little affair," trusting that some of our Albany friends will personally call

the attention of Mr. Stow to the extract, which may, perhaps, be the means of inducing him to withdraw his bill

giving a premium to "fighters with deadly weapons." Here is an account of the last Congressional set-to:

While Mr. Quitman, of Mississippi, was making a pacific proposition to the House, Mr. Grow, of Penn., passing down the aisle on the

democratic side, audibly objected. Keitt, of South Carolina, and Davis, of Mississippi, approached him, and K. observed that he

(Grow) should make his objection from the other (the republican) side of the house. G. replied that the house was free in all parts to its members, and he would object where he pleased. K. asked what

he meant by his reply. G. rejoined that he meant precisely what he said. K. seized G. by the throat, and said: "I will let you know you are a damned black republican puppy!"

Mr. Grow knocked his hand off, and said: "I shall occupy such place in the hall as I please, and no nigger driver can crack his whip over me."

Mr. Keitt then seized Mr. Grow by the throat again, when Mr. Grow knocked him down. Great confusion ensued, and Mr. G. was attacked by a number of Mr. K.'s friends, and was defended

himself, when the sergeant-at-arms and his assistants rushed into the melee and finally restored order. There must have been half-a-dozen private fights, besides one or two "free ones," going on at the same time.

Don't friend Stow see how nicely our mode of fighting

works—all taking a "hand in" with the naked fists, yet not one being killed or maimed, as would have been the

case if old Stow's system of "knifing" had been introduced. It won't do, Stow—you are behind the age, Stow.

Think what a figure you would cut in Congress (providing you ever get there) with your knife and pistol, in the

presence of our pugilistic Congressmen. Why they would look upon you as a cut-throat, as a foot-pad, as a most

worthy associate of prison birds, instead of a fit companion for law-abiding and peace-preserving Congressmen.

No, no, Stow—if you wish to attain to eminence and distinction, and to become known among men as a public

benefactor, drop your "premium on deadly weapons bill" as you would a hot potatoe, and all may yet go

well with you.

Athletic exercises (and boxing is one of the most prominent) have been practiced in all ages; and wherever,

and whenever they have been indulged in, the physical, as well as mental system, has shown a decided improvement;

boxing tends to develop the muscles, to invigorate the system, and to inspire a courage which we look

for in vain in those who oppose such exercise. Boxing and other bodily exercises have always perfected the

military character wherever they have been cultivated; and Plato, in his book of laws, when arguing

the importance of acquiring bodily force and agility, says: "A well-governed commonwealth, instead of prohibiting the profession of the athletic, should, on the contrary,

propose prizes for all who excel in those exercises." Plato reasons well; and it would be well were Mr. Stow

to follow such excellent precepts, instead of attempting to make a puny and cowardly race of us all. We shall

watch the proceedings on Mr. Stow's "premium bill."

PIGEON SHOOTING.—Last Monday, a match at pigeons

between Mr. Turner of New York and Mr. Allan Andrews, of Halfway House, between Newark and Bloom-

field, came off at the house of the latter gentleman. The

match was for \$50, at 21 birds each, and was won very easily by Mr. Turner, who killed 14 out of 15 birds, while

his opponent only scored 7 birds out of 14. Several other matches and sweepstakes were also shot for, and a

good day's sport was furnished to the lovers of the trigger.

BAGATILLE.—A match game at Bagatille will take

place at the house of Col. S. S. Rankin, Philadelphia, between two well-known players, for a purse of \$100;

fifteen rolls down to the game. The first player to commence on Monday evening next, at 8 o'clock, and

the following Monday for the opposite party. A referee and two judges will be chosen on Friday.

THE PIGEON SHOOTING TOURNAMENT.

As this great event, so pregnant with interest to the lovers of the trigger, is rapidly approaching, and the time for the arrangement of the necessary details is consequently limited, we call the attention of those parties desirous of joining, to this fact, and to request them at

once to forward their nomination entries to the different sweepstakes. From our reply to our Toronto correspond-

ent in last week's CLIPPER, our Canada friends will perceive that they are not excluded from entering for

competition for the various prizes, but on the contrary their presence will be hailed with cordial pleasure, and

they may depend upon receiving a hearty welcome on the occasion. We fully anticipate, also, seeing a numerous

muster of our Philadelphia sportsmen present, and we know by experience that they can boast of some first-

rate shots among them. From Albany we have received assurances of the attendance of their representatives,

and we may safely anticipate having among us the "dead shots" of Pottsville, Reading, Burlington, and Schuylkill

County, whose performances have been so often reported in our columns. Indeed we are confident that we shall

be honored with the presence of representatives of nearly every State in the Union, and the promise of sport in

addition to the advertised sweepstakes in the form of matches, sweepstakes, (at single and double birds,) is so

abundant as to satisfy the most ardent lover of trap-

shooting.

In consequence of the importance of knowing at once the extent and character of the arrangements to be made,

in the way of providing the requisite number of birds, accommodation on the ground, &c., we again call upon

those desirous of, and intending to become subscribers, to forward their nominations to us at once, and we shall

be obliged to our respective correspondents in each locality to receive and forward immediately to us the

names of those in their district who purpose entering, and stating clearly in which sweepstakes they desire to

do so. We have already received several nominations in our immediate locality, and it is those at a distance whose

attention is called to the above remarks. We also repeat our suggestion of last week, that in small localities, the

lovers of pigeon shooting should unite, and forward as their representatives one or two of their best shots.

It has been suggested to us by a gentleman who has taken a deep interest in this project, and whose great experience renders his opinion of great weight, that no person

shall be allowed to have more than two nominations to each sweepstakes. He argues very plausibly that a good

shot might receive as many as a half a dozen nominations from his friends, and shoot for each person respectively,

thus giving him a decided advantage over other competitors who only possess one entry. As this opinion has

been endorsed by several experienced "professors of the trigger," whom we consulted, we have made this one of the conditions of entry, and we think it will be unani-

mously approved of by the subscribers.

As the number of birds required on the occasion will be great, we shall be obliged if those intending to join,

who possess birds, will at once inform us what number they themselves can furnish for the shooting, so that there

may be an ample supply of pigeons for the sport. In the meantime, if those persons at a distance will forward im-

mediately to Mr. John Taylor, Darcy Hotel, Jersey City, any quantity of good birds, up to 600, suitable for the

purpose required, at a fair market price, they will receive payment for them by return of post. As the excellence

of the sport depends materially on the quality of the birds used, it is particularly requested that good full

grown birds only will be forwarded.

In conclusion we again request the prompt co-operation of intending subscribers, by entering immediately,

and we shall be glad to receive as usual the suggestions of our friends and correspondents.

Since writing the above remarks, we have received the subjoined communication from a correspondent, and as

we are desirous, equally with him, to see all the arrangements "fairly and honorably" carried out, he may rely upon his suggestions being acted upon.

The desirability of having a special committee, whose province it shall be to see every man load his gun, as

well as to elect the judges and umpire on the occasion, has been already urged by gentlemen in this city, who

are taking a warm interest in the affair, and it is on this account that we would strenuously urge on those intend-

ing to join, the importance of at once entering, so that the appointment of such committee can be immediately made:

NEW YORK, Feb. 6, 1858.

FRIEND QUINN: Having seen in your valuable CLIPPER of this date, the editorial notice and the advertisement for the Pigeon Shooting Tournament, and expecting to appear as one of the candidates for the prizes, I am desirous, for the satisfaction of all, that all the arrangements should be fair and honorable.

To render it perfectly just and fair, I would earnestly desire that a Special Committee be appointed whose duty it will be to see every man load his gun.

You may not be aware that some persons who frequently shoot pigeon matches use, on such occasions, a loaded wad—that is, a wad constructed on the principle of a cartridge. This, of course, is unfair and dishonest.

Yours respectfully, TRIGGER.

GRAND NATIONAL POULTRY TOURNAMENT.

A few suggestions were made in our last, by our esteemed contributor "White Hackle," having for their object

the taking of measures for a cocking tournament to be held in the spring of 1859. We cordially agree with our cor-

respondent in the views he sets forth as to the benefits to be derived from a meeting of breeders and lovers of the

game fowl, and we hereby tender our services to assist in bringing about the end desired. Almost every day we

are in the receipt of letters asking where a pure breed of the game fowl can be obtained; these correspondents are

willing to pay liberally for such birds, but they require that they should be pure game. As our time is too much

taken up with other business, we have been unable to attend to the wants of our friends in searching for such de-

scription of fowl. Many birds are sold for pure game which are nothing more than "pure dunghills." The

parties who sell such birds take advantage of the great demand, and scatter, helter skelter, fowls of the most inferior order. Now, the proposed cocking tournament

will tend to do away with these swindling practices by bringing together the most experienced breeders in the

country, who, once assembled, can take such counsel together as cannot fail to be of general public benefit. The

farmer will find it to his interest to attend the gathering, and those of all classes who may have good stock to dis-

pose of may, by taking part in this mass meeting of game bird fanciers, realize very profitable prices for their birds. We trust that breeders and others will take this matter into consideration, and send on their views upon the subject at an early day. Let the North, the East, the South and West, unite in bringing the proposed tournament to a successful issue; and we shall then hear but few complaints of the want of pure game birds.

The following additional suggestion on the subject has been received since our last:

GRAND NATIONAL POULTRY TOURNAMENT!

A NEW WRINK

DOGS A NUISANCE.—What a curious conglomeration of wise men have got together in our State Legislature this season. First we have neighbor Stow, of the Senate, offering a bill declaring prize fighting without weapons illegal, and almost immediately on the heels of this singular bill we have another from Mr. Van Valkenburgh, of the House, declaring dogs a nuisance. This Mr. Van Valkenburgh was the non-successful candidate for the Speakership, and it may be owing to his defeat for a prominent position among men that he turns his attention to the dogs, and vents his spleen upon the useful and instinctive members of the canine race. No intelligent, reasoning human being, who has given the animal kingdom his study and attention, and has read of the many wonderful exploits performed for the benefit of man by the dog, would for a moment even favor the consideration of such a bill as introduced by the defeated Van Valkenburgh, much less proclaim himself the author of it. We think there must be some mistake about the matter, and shall closely watch the records to see if this bill was not intended as a bit of sport, for the benefit of the members of this over-wise assembly of "good men and true." Considering that nearly a month of the session was cut to waste in efforts to elect a speaker, we should have imagined that matters of serious public import would have engaged the attention of our representatives for the balance of the session; instead of this, however, we have burlesque after burlesque, for surely the prize fighting bill and dog bill are nothing else but documents calculated to excite the risibles and ridicule of all sensible men. Dogs a nuisance! Well, well. Let us be charitable, and give Van and Stow the credit of being a couple of funny dogs.

A BETTING CASE.—Occasionally a case like that we are about to describe turns up, and when it does we feel it our duty to give publicity to the facts, that our friends and the public in general may become acquainted with the parties to such unscrupulous conduct, and be on their guard against them in future. The case in point, as we find it reported in the proceedings of the Marine Court, of this city, is as follows:—A Mr. James Lee brought suit against John L. Duryea and J. Oakley to recover back \$300, deposited with the defendant Duryea, upon a wager made by plaintiff with the defendant Oakley. The facts are substantially as follows:—About two weeks before the late charter election the parties met in a liquor store up town, when James Lee made a bet with Duryea of \$300 to \$75 that Fernando Wood would be elected Mayor of this city. The stakes were deposited in the hands of Oakley. The plaintiff lost, and then sued for the recovery of his deposit. The Court held that the transaction by statute was illegal, and that the party was entitled to repudiate the wager and recover his money. Judgment for plaintiff, for \$300, was accordingly given.

This is certainly making a sure thing of it, and it is no wonder that a party taking the advantage thus given him by the law can afford to bet such large odds. We hope, however, that the next ones betting with such folks will be served in precisely the same manner, for if they make a wager with them they do it with their eyes open, and have no one but themselves to blame if they are brought to Court.

14'S BALL.—A brilliant gathering took place at Niblo's on Monday night last, on the occasion of the Annual Ball of Columbian Engine Company, No. 14. Rarely have we witnessed a more agreeable and social assemblage, and seldom have we seen a company enter into the amusement with such spirit. The only drawback to the general enjoyment was the supper, which was of the most niggardly description. It is but proper to say that with this part of the entertainment the company had nothing to do, Mr. Niblo claiming the right to serve up all suppers for balls given at his establishment. How he serves them is too well known to all ball-goers.

CRICKETING IN WINTER.—The unusual mildness of the season has allowed enthusiastic cricketers to practice their favorite game throughout the winter pretty much. The Franklin Avenue Club, composed of members of the different clubs of Brooklyn, have pitched wickets on their ground, near Fulton Avenue, every week, and now play every fine Saturday afternoon at 2 o'clock. Last week they had quite a lively time of it, and some good play was made by Messrs. Byron, Holder, Parker, Oates, Holt, Aylmer, &c. Cricketers in general are invited to join on Saturdays when the weather is at all propitious.

DEMOCRATIC REVIEW.—The number of this excellent journal for February, is one of the best ever issued, and reflects much credit upon the taste and liberality of its proprietors. In addition to a fund of useful information, it contains three beautifully executed engravings, portraits of Howell Cobb, Secretary of the Treasury; Aaron V. Brown, Postmaster General, and C. Godfrey Gunther, President of the Board of Governors of the New York Almshouse. The office of the Review is at No. 335 Broadway.

THE CRICKETER'S CONVENTION.—It is about time that our western cricketers were making preparations by selecting delegates, &c., for the ensuing convention. The season will, in all probability, be commenced earlier than usual, and it is just as well to attend to the matter now as a month hence. We trust every club in the vicinity of New York will send delegates this time; a want of proper notice shall not be wanting on our part.

DEATH OF A FINE HORSE.—The beautiful Morgan stallion, Three Rivers, died on Monday morning, February 1st, at the farm of S. C. Oliver, in North Andover, of rheumatic fever. The horse was a powerful fleet roaster, very kind and tractable, and is said to have closely resembled the original Justin Morgan, in shape, size and color.

NEW YACHT.—We understand that Mr. George W. Friend is building what promises to be a fast yacht, at his yard in Greenpoint, L. I. She is 46 feet in length, 14 feet beam, and 5 feet 3 inches in depth. She will probably be for sale in the spring, when completed.

THE KING.

JAMES FOX AND FRANK MCINTIRE.—In regard to the match which was to have been made in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, between these men, we have received a letter from each party, and as there is a material difference in their statements, we have concluded to omit both. Each blames the other for not going on with the match.

SWEETMAN IN CANADA.—A London (Canada West) correspondent says a turn-up took place there on the 28th ultimo, between Johnny Sweetman and Hank Schram, in which both were more or less injured. It was on the rough-and-tumble order, and each got hold of a finger of the other, and bit away, when Sweetman let go the finger, and lopped off a piece of his opponent's nose. Sweetman, it is said, finally cried enough, and Johnny Mackie took Hank off Sweetman.

CHALLENGE TO MR. JOHN O'MALLEY.—Toronto, February 1, 1858.—Charles Saunders is willing to meet the above-mentioned John O'Malley at any time he may state in the CLIPPER, in answer to his challenge, to have a fair fight with gloves, "catch weight," for \$20 a side; also, for the benefit of the room. If John O'Malley means fighting, and wishes to accept the above challenge, he will find man and money ready at Mr. William Monkhouse's Hotel, Palace street, Toronto, where a match can be made.

CHARLES SAUNDERS.

GLOVE FIGHT.—St. Louis, February 9, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—As the columns of your paper have, for the last few months, contained a great deal of matter relative to the proposed fight between myself and Enoch Davis, I should be pleased if you would allow me to trespass still further on your space, for the purpose of placing myself right before the public. After Davis' accident, a man named Pat Carroll gave it out that he was going to challenge me to fight him for \$300, and that the challenge was to be given out at the sparring exhibition given by Charley Holmes, at the Washington Street Exchange. I accordingly went up there, but it seems he could raise only \$50, and wanted to make that on a glove fight. As there had been so much talk about town regarding it, I concluded to give him an opportunity on any terms, and so accepted the challenge; and the affair is to come off on Tuesday evening, February 9th, an account of which will undoubtedly be forwarded to you.

Yours respectfully, JAMES BROWN.

CHALLENGE.—Philadelphia, February 5, 1858.—I will fight the Boss Oysterman, alias Dan McAleer, for fun or money, just as it may suit himself, when I will there and then show him who is the "scamp," he talks about. I take this method of doing business, as I do not like blowing. He can see me at any time, at Thomas Glissans, North East Corner of Fourth and Master streets.

OWEN TONER.

GOLDEN AND HERRIGAN.—Buffalo, Feb. 6, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN.—Dear Sir: I was in hopes that we would have had another little mill, between Golden and Con Quinn, but am sorry to see it, like a great many others, end in smoke. I think Quinn offered very fairly in proposing to accept his challenge at his own terms. Now as Golden has declined to accede to Quinn's offer, Herrigan is ready and willing to fight him for any sum he may think fit to raise, large or small; or, if he cannot raise any money, Herrigan will go to New York and fight him for a belly-full if he will pay his fare there, or, Herrigan will pay his fare to Buffalo, if he will come here and fight him for \$100 and, if he loses, he will pay his fare back to York.

Yours, &c., ENQUIRE.

COPE AND HOLMES.—St. Louis, Feb. 4.—FRANK QUEEN.—Sir: You will recollect that a few weeks ago a challenge appeared in the CLIPPER from Jack Cope, or, as he styles himself, the "Renowned Jack Cope." As a lover of sport and fair play I think it my duty to the sporting community to hold up to view a rank cur like this "Renowned Jack Cope," traveling around imposing on the public under the name of a sporting man. Now, sir, I was in New Orleans at the time the challenge appeared in the CLIPPER. I left my situation there, and started for St. Louis, so as to make the match with Jack Cope, for the sum of \$300 a side, as he stated in his challenge. When I arrived in this city I called on Cope, but could not get a decided answer from him. At length I gave a sparring exhibition, and announced on the bills that I would be glad to see Cope and his backers there to make the match with me; this had the desired effect of bringing Cope's backers up to the scratch, who said they had the money with them to back Cope if he would make his appearance in the hall. I sent three gentlemen after him, but he could not be found. This morning I waited on Cope to hear what he had to say; he said he was sorry for me, but could not help what happened. When I mentioned to him that his backers had the money for him, he politely told me that they could keep their money. So ends the matter. I pronounced him a cur. For proof of my assertions, I will refer to any of the sporting gentlemen of St. Louis.

Yours respectfully, CHARLEY HOLMES, St. Louis.

CARD.—St. Louis, Missouri, January 29, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN.—I perceived in your last issue a letter from J. Brown, which contains assertions certainly not true. His saying I refused to fight for the money I was compelled to sue for does not make it so. Brown will find in one of my communications at the time he claimed the \$100, that I offered to fight him for it, if he did not wish the match to go on; but he chose rather to take money out of which I considered I was defrauded. Since then I went with my friend to meet him according to an invitation he sent me to make a match for \$100. I offered at the time to put down \$50 forfeit, the other \$50 to be put down the next day, the day of fight. But because I had not the whole amount to stake that day he would not agree to fight. As to his saying I do not intend to fight, my money being at your office for four months waiting for him to say he was ready, shows to the contrary. My opinion in regard to the matter is, if I had not had the misfortune to get disabled, Brown would have been a sick man now. In regard to the objections respecting my backers not being able to raise the money, is equally untrue. I never made such an assertion, as I had not the least cause to do so. My backers have always told me the money was ready whenever Brown was prepared to fight; but, like myself, they consider it unjust to mention the day of fighting, when my right hand is in splints. As Brown has sent for his money you will please send me mine, and oblige.

Yours truly, ENOCH DAVIS.

FIGHT IN CONNECTICUT.—A prize fight took place in Greenville, Connecticut, on the 1st instant, between G. W. Carpenter and Tom Peters, for \$5 a side. Five rounds only were fought, when Carpenter went down without a blow, and the battle was awarded to Peters. Carpenter has since challenged Wood for a match to come off on the 1st of March, for \$25 a side.

TOM SAYERS' BIRTH PLACE.—181 Water street, Brooklyn.—MR. QUEEN.—Sir: In your last issue I notice a communication concerning the birth-place of Tom Sayers, the present Champion of England. Now, I have all due regard for Irish pugilists; they are very good, but seldom arrive at the top of the tree; and I cannot allow them to claim our gallant Tom as their countryman without my humble endeavors to correct the same. It is well known among the London sporting fraternity that Sayers was born in Brighton, Sussex, England, and

reared in Somers Town, London. Having had the honor of a personal acquaintance for the last ten years, I can vouch for my authority, knowing him to be the wrong kind of man to deny his nativity.

Yours, &c., LEVI HUNT, A Cockney Sportsman.

SPARRING.

POOLE'S EXHIBITION.—The sparring exhibition on Monday, Feb. 1st, at the Bleeker Building, for the benefit of Robert Poole, was well attended, although it was a most disagreeable night. The sparring was conducted in a very satisfactory manner by our friend old Bill Toovee, in the following order: George Watts and a friend; Young Shorty and Barr; Jim Irvin and Sam Freeman; Armstrong and Young Welsh, from London, a very good set-to; Ned Ingles and young Fila; Dan Shay and Sam Freeman. Mr. Tate and friend then appeared with the banjo and bones.—Mr. Tate is excellent with the latter. The sparring was resumed by Nalagar and Donnelly; Jim Irvin and Buck Dayton. Mr. Collins then sang an Irish song, and was twice encored. By particular request of the up-town folks, old Bill Toovee and Young Welsh, from London, had a friendly set-to, and the company was well pleased with the old man's activity. Next came the wind-up between Bob Poole and Sam Freeman, when three cheers were given for Poole, three for old Bill Toovee and three for Sam Freeman, and three more for old Toovee, when the latter returned thanks, on behalf of Mr. Poole, to the audience and sparrers, for their patronage and assistance.

BOXING IN LOUISVILLE.—Louisville, Ky., Jan. 31, 1858.

FRIEND QUEEN.—Our sporting men were honored during the last week with a visit from Izzy Lazarus and his sons Harry and John, and I am happy to say that there never was an exhibition in this town that gave such entire satisfaction. They were well received, and supported by the fancy. During their stay they gave two exhibitions, and received that "material aid" which they so richly deserved; they left this town on Sunday for Cairo, and from there they proceed to St. Louis, and we hope our friends down there will give them a bumper. During the first exhibition, Captain Aaron Jessel and Izzy had a fine set-to, and the two old veterans played their parts to perfection. Harry and Johnny had a set-to to wind up the entertainment, and such a display it has never been my lot to see before. May their shadows never grow less.

LOUISVILLE.

LUNNEY'S BENEFIT.—Don't forget that Barney Lunney's exhibition comes off at Kerrigan's Saloon, 22 White street, on Thursday evening of this week, Feb. 11th, when a good entertainment will be offered. Many of those who set-to at Phil. Clare's exhibition will be present and take part in the ceremonies at Lunney's. Old Toovee will, as usual, officiate as conductor of the sports of the evening. Let us give Barney a substantial tonic, and thus ease the ill which flesh is heir to.

An interesting feature of the entertainment will be the clog dancing by Golden and Trotter Ned. In addition to this, however, there will be a deal of interest to see the set-to between Johnny Roach and Scotty, of Brooklyn, which promises to be a slashing affair.

SPARRING AT THE CHELSEA MANOR HOUSE.—A grand sparring exhibition will be given by Mike Hickey, at the Chelsea Manor Rooms, corner 25th street and 9th Avenue, on Monday evening next, Feb. 15th, on which occasion he expects to have some of the best boxers of the day, to assist.

PHIL CLARE has opened a public house at No. 190 Columbia street, South Brooklyn, where he has already received a very encouraging share of patronage. He has the various kinds of beverages in use at the present day, and has fitted up a room in which to give sparring lessons.

JACK ADAMS has made arrangements with Harry Jennings, of the Sportsman's Hall, 49 Madison street, to open a select sparring school every Saturday evening, to commence at 8 o'clock. Canine sports the same evening. A good supply of rats always on hand.

PEDESTRIANISM.

THE RED HOUSE WALKING AND RUNNING MATCHES.—The pedestrian sports, so long announced to come off at the Red House, and so oft postponed, actually came off at that place on Monday afternoon last. The day was exceedingly favorable, and the attendance of spectators was very great. The greatest mismanagement, however, characterized the whole proceedings, and reflected discredit on the parties who had the direction of the affair. The landlord of the hostelry, it was stated, who had promised to give a purse on the occasion had "backed out" from his engagement, and the paltry sum of \$5 was all that was contributed by him towards the purse which was collected on the ground for the winner of the running match. The rush to the bar of the tavern on the part of the patiently awaiting spectators, was tremendous, all anxiously desirous of procuring a supply of "hot within" or "cold without," to restore the equilibrium of internal and external heat, but disappointment seemed to be the common lot of all; the stock of the desired liquors on hand being apparently exceedingly limited, while it was found impossible to raise a supply of hot water, to make even a solitary "whisky skin." The complaints of the disappointed were expressed in language more forcible than polite, and we think the proprietor of the Red House would have consulted his interests, both on the present occasion as well as for the future, in being personally present and seeing that a better system of management is adopted by his subordinates.

The five-mile foot race only produced two competitors: John Grindell and Fred Steers; the latter receiving 200 yards start. On the second lap, Steers was collared by his opponent, and on the completion of half the distance, finding it useless competing further with the fleet-footed Grindell, he resigned the contest, leaving Grindell to run the remainder of the distance at leisure, and completing the five miles in 29 minutes. The four-mile walking match for a Silver Cup, given by Mr. James Adams, who was himself one of the competitors, giving the other two, Grindell and Tooker, 100 yards start, was won easily by Grindell, who accomplished the distance in 33 minutes. The style of Grindell's walking was objected to by Adams, who consequently did not exert himself, but walked over the course leisurely. The judge, however, on being appealed to, stated that the gait of Grindell was a fair heel and toe walk, as far as he could witness it, which was only when the latter came up the stretch past the winning post; the crowd of persons who accompanied each pedestrian and obstructed the view rendering it impossible to see them round all the course. There not having been parties appointed, as is usual, to accompany the pedestrians, so as to judge correctly of the style of walking, was the cause of the disputed decision on the present occasion.

A number of gentlemen, who were present during the races, were so well pleased with the fair style of walking of young Tooker, as well as with his manly conduct on the occasion, that they have procured a Silver Cup which they intend to present to him as a token of their appreciation of his merits. The presentation will take place at the "Exchange," No. 643 Houston street, on Monday evening next, at eight o'clock.

FOOT RACING AT THE CIRCUS.—A benefit will be given to Mr. John Grindell, the Champion pedestrian, at the National Circus, in the Bowery, near Hester street, on Thursday evening next, the 18th, when, in addition to the usual ring performances, a number of foot races will take place for prizes. There will be a race for amateurs who never won a prize, for which a silver goblet will be given to the first in, and a silver cup to the second best; the distance run to be fifteen times around the ring. A silver goblet will be given to the best mile runner, and a silver cup to the next best. If Grindell should win either of these latter prizes, he will hand the same over to the next best, he waiving all claim to the prizes. Doubtless the occasion will draw out a number of both amateurs and professionals, and a large audience will gather to witness the races. Entries free, to be made at the Circus office.

THAT WALKING FEAT.—EDITOR CLIPPER: Having seen an article in last week's CLIPPER relative to a great (?) pedestrian feat about to come off at Constitution Hall, in this city, we think it no more than fair that your readers should know about how the "squirrel sets." The performance is got up by Stetson alone, simply for the sake of the money to be obtained at the door. The men who are to walk have had neither practice nor training, and are not in condition to walk for stale peanuts. If there had been a purse put up, you can rest assured that some of the fancy who possess a name would have entered for it.

Boston, Feb. 8th.

DAN.

CHALLENGE TO JOHN STETSON AND OTHERS.—I hereby challenge John Stetson to walk a plank forty feet long, four feet wide, raised three feet from the floor, without rest or sleep, at \$500 a side. The one who falls off, sits down, or goes to sleep first, to lose the stake. I will walk either or all of the four individuals who are to mount the plank at Constitution Hall, at any time, place, or for any amount their backers see fit to name.

JAMES LAMBERT.

A CHALLENGE.—Philadelphia, Feb. 8, 1858.—I have a novice who never ran for a dollar that will run any novice in Philadelphia, four hundred and forty yards, for \$25 or \$50 a side, or I will take 60 yards start, in 700 yards, of W. Nickols, of New York, for the above amount, to run in a month from the first deposit. An answer through the CLIPPER will be attended to.

Yours, CHARLES WIDDOFT.

YOUNG SPORT in his foot race at the National Circus, on the 27th ultimo, made the distance, fifteen circuits of the arena, in one minute and forty-five seconds, instead of one minute and fifty-five seconds, as previously stated.

COCKING.

COCKING.—City of Reading, Feb. 8th, 1858.—FRIEND QUEEN.—Dear Sir: Cocking in this city seems to be gaining the ascendancy of all other sports. Both cocks and cockers seem to commingle in spirit, cock against cock, and party against party. Nor is the animosity of the latter much more than equalled by that of the former. There are two parties here, namely the Up-Town, and Down-Town. At the head of the latter, figure C. W. W. S., and J. F. At the head of the former, J. W., M. S., R. M. M. I will now proceed to give you a brief account, of the late doings in this line. Our first grand tournament was between two celebrated fowls, who bore the scars of an equal number of combats. The one owned by "Dutch Billy," the other by "R. M.," who made his first appearance in the magic circle in 1854, but by some mismanagement ended in a draw; his next encounter was with a celebrated English imported cock, and after a hard contested struggle was proclaimed victorious. His next set-to was with Dutch Billy's "Screwcock," who soon showed the white feather; also loudly calling on Billy to not let him be abused. Thus ends the history of R. M.'s cock's battles, up to the recent match (about the 22d of Jan.) with Dutch Billy's celebrated cock, who figured so conspicuously in the columns of the CLIPPER after the Lancaster fight. But now for the fight. At 9 o'clock, every thing being ready, the birds were brought into the pit, attended by their respective backers and handlers. The Sixth street Cocker, and one of Sam's pupils attended on Billy's bird, and J. W. and Honest Mike waited on R. M.'s fowl. A good and long fight was expected, in which we were all disappointed, for after the fourth round Billy showed the white feather, and put; thus again was the old hero hailed as the victor, upon the event of which a gentleman presented Mr. M. with an emblem of our country (the stars and stripes) on the part of his fowl.

A main was fought here on the 1st of February, between J. W., and the above named Cocker and their several friends, which resulted in favor of the former, which correspondence has doubtless reached you before this. I therefore forbear giving any particulars. Mr. M.'s chicken that vanquished Billy's celebrated cock on the 22d of Jan., has again been crowned with victory, having conquered a famous Welsh chicken on the 4th of this month.

COLE STREET.

COCKING CHALLENGE.—TO THE LOVERS OF SPORT, DETROIT.—Hearing, through the New York CLIPPER, that you have a good many game chickens, I wish to inform you that we have a number in Cleveland that we think cannot be surpassed either in Detroit or in the State. I wish very much to give you a chance to know the quality of our chickens, by showing a main of 15, of the following weights: 8 cocks, from 4 lb. 10, to 6 lb.; 7 stags, from 4 lb. 10, to 5 lb. 8 oz., and fight all that come within the rules of fighting, give or take 2 oz., for one hundred the main, and \$15 a battle, and fight in three weeks from the time the main is closed. If there be any one in Detroit that accepts this challenge, he will be allowed \$20 to defray his expenses to Cleveland, and we will expect the same allowance if we go to Detroit. Address, Jacob King, Cleveland, Ohio. Direct to box 358, Cleveland. Feb. 4, 1858.

COCKING IN GEORGETOWN.—The long talked of fight came off near this village in a pasture, at 2 o'clock on Saturday, the 6th. This match was made by Hazen and Carter, both of Georgetown, for \$25 a side, at catch weight. These cocks were formerly owned by Legg, of Dover, and Towzer, of Danvers. The battle lasted 32 minutes, and a very exciting fight it was. Towzer's cock lost an eye on the start; Hazen, not being daunted at that, still offered to bet odds on his cock, feeling sure he was dead game. After 33 minutes hard fighting, the Danvers cock could not show fight, and was counted out, and the judges decided the Dover cock won the battle and money. Both cocks showed game to the last. The weight of one was 5 lbs. 4 oz.; the other, 5 lbs. 7 oz.

Georgetown, Mass., Feb. 6, 1858.

Yours, B.

P. S.—Legg is one of the largest cock breeders in this section of the country, and I believe he has a few more of the same kind left that will win or die trying.

COCK SACRIFICE.—I will send, in connection with nine other breeders of game fowls, three cocks to the Editor of the CLIPPER, or such persons as he may appoint to receive them in the city of New York, free of charge, to be fought in three separate battles royal, to test who breeds the best game fowls.

JONATHAN DORWART,

Lancaster, Pa.

A NEW CRICKET CLUB.—The American Club of Brooklyn is the name of a club now in process of organization. Those desirous of joining can send their names to our office.

SPORTS! SPORTS! Exercise! Exercise! Exercise!!! NEW YORK CLIPPER, THE RECOGNIZED SPORTING JOURNAL OF AMERICA, AND ADVOCATE OF PHYSICAL AND MENTAL RECREATIONS FOR THE PEOPLE.

The popular American Sporting Journal, now in the fifth year of its existence, has an immense circulation, extending over the four quarters of the globe. The *Clipper* gives full and authentic reports of every event of a sporting nature, such as—Cricket; Chess; Draughts; Football; Ball Play; Pedestrianism; Boxing; Horse Racing; Trotting; Fencing; Tennis; Polo; Shooting; Canine Sports; Rifle Shooting; Figure Skating; Pistol Shooting; Game Fowl; Wrestling; Curling, &c., &c., &c. The *Clipper* also gives two or more

SPORTING ILLUSTRATIONS

It also devotes considerable space to

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS:

Embracing information on general topics, but sporting matters in particular. Correspondents answered free of expense. The *Clipper* is the organ of no particular class, but devotes its energies and influence to the improvement of the physical and mental condition of the people, as well as to making money, honestly, for its proprietors. The success of the *Clipper*, as a sporting paper, is without precedent in this or any other country. It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America." It is now hailed as "the recognized sporting authority in America."

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FRANK QUEEN, PROPRIETOR,
No. 30 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1858.

FRANK QUEEN, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

WHOLESALE AGENTS.

BORN & TOWNE, 151 Nassau st., N. Y.
MADDOX & CO., 21 and 23 Ann street.
BUTTS & WHELAN, 32 Ann street.
SANDERSON, 22 Beekman street.
CLAUDEWELL & LOWE, 52 Ann street.
HAMILTON & JONES, No. 22 Ann street.
A. WINKER, 116 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.
BUTMAN, FREDERICK & CO., 9 and 18 Court street, Boston.
JOHN J. DYER, 35 School street, Boston.
HENRY TAYLOR, Sun Building, Baltimore, Md.
A. C. BAKER, Cincinnati.
WALLACE, ADAMS & BROS., Chicago, Ill.
A. & E. KERRICK, 7 Exchange Place and 122 Poydras st., New Orleans.
I. D. CAMPBELL, 16 King street West, Toronto, Canada West.
BELL & HENDERSON, 515 Broadway, Albany, N. Y.
DUNCAN & DAVIS, 162 Vine street, Cincinnati.

THAT MOONLIGHT PRIZE FIGHT.

We have no doubt that many of our readers have noticed an article going the rounds regarding a "prize fight by moonlight," which came off on the 31st ult. For the edification of those who have not, however, we herewith give the article, as recorded in the *Tribune*, and which is now on its travels. Here is the precious document:

MOONLIGHT PRIZE FIGHT SPOILED BY THE POLICE.—About midnight of Saturday night, Captain Coulter, of the Twenty-second Precinct Police, was privately informed that a prize fight was to come off in an hour or so thereafter, in Lowe's woods near the foot of sixty-fifth street, North River. The captain forthwith called up his reserve corps and dispatched men into all the streets and avenues about the place, so that it was impossible for the "shoulder hitters" to approach the fighting ground without meeting an officer. The pugilists had arranged the fight to come off by moonlight, and thought that by setting it at such an unusual hour they would evade the police. About an hour before the appointed time the pugilists and their friends in small squads made their way toward the woods, but finding their movements closely watched, they changed their programme and agreed to pitch the ring on the pier foot of Eighty-ninth street, Twentieth Ward. Of this movement Captain Coulter also received information, but withdrew his men from the streets and pretended to know nothing more about the affair. The shoulder hitters and their friends were in high glee, and hastily repaired to the pier foot of Eighty-ninth street, and formed their ring. Just as the fellows had taken position in the ring and shook hands (a mere form intended to show that they entered into the contest in good faith, and not as a mere joke), the police, who were then feeling toward one another, previous to the first round, Capt. Coulter, with a platoon of men, made a descent upon them. The police were discovered by the sentinels, and the cry of "lay low" given, which caused a general scattering. One of the principals, who gave his name as John Murphy, was arrested, but the other escaped. Murphy thought it hard that the police would not give him a chance to distinguish himself. He was looked up for trial.

Now this is a very nice little story, as it stands; but we have another version of the affair, which spoils the narrative, and puts the laugh on our "indefatigable guardians." The police had got wind that a fight was to take place on Saturday night, and a large body of them were detailed to look up the affair, and arrest the parties. Accordingly, they repaired to a woods close to the spot where the fight was to have taken place, and there they remained throughout the entire night, exposed to the pitiless peltings of the wintry blast, without once catching even a glimpse of quadruped or biped. In the meantime, the boys were snugly enjoying the comforts of good feather beds, the fight being arranged for half-past six o'clock on Sunday morning. Accordingly, at that time the parties repaired to the selected spot, at the foot of Eighty-ninth street, and there perfected the preliminaries. In a short time the men were in battle array, within the magic circle, and soon got to work. They fought four rounds, in the last of which one of the combatants kicked his opponent, and the battle was at once given against him, and in favor of Murphy, after a fight of about seven minutes. During this time the boys remained unmolested, the police not having yet ventured from their "uncomfortable hiding places" in the woods. The fight was finished without interference, and all hands left the ground in good humor. It was not until some time after this, when Murphy and a few of his companions were returning home, that they espied the police, who had just left their "cool quarters" in the woods. The captain, who was not in a very amiable mood, after his night's "camping out," said: "Ain't you a pretty set of chaps to keep us in the woods all night?" A reply was vouchsafed by one of the boys, to the effect that he hoped they had a pleasant time of it, when Murphy was spotted and arrested. In a very short time, however, he was bailed out in the sum of \$200, and was not locked up for trial, as the *Tribune* states. So the "moonlight prize fight" was all moonshine, it being daylight when the parties fought, and "the police consider it hard that the boys did not give them a chance to distinguish themselves" by moonlight alone. We have a word to say to the boys—it is this:—In putting the "indefatigables" off the track, have it arranged so that our guardians may not be put to such inconvenience in future. Fun's fun, but staying out in the woods all night, in winter time, is not quite the thing, and we do not wonder that the worthy captain expressed his dissatisfaction at this sort of proceeding. So, hereafter, while studying your own comfort, don't forget that policemen are as susceptible to the soothing influences of a feather bed as yourselves.

P.S. It might be well to add that this was no prize fight.

A FAIR ARGUMENT.—We admire a fearless expression of opinion, whether it emanate from a friend or an opponent; we despise the cringing tool who has an opinion of his own, but dare not proclaim it to the world, for fear of losing caste with a few of those so-called moral-reformers, who are a plague spot upon the prosperity of a country, and its people. How deliciously refreshing it is, therefore, to read the subjoined remarks of the *North Iowa Times*, on one of the features of many exercises so zealously advocated by the *CLIPPER*, and that, too, at a time when every plug muss, or knock down, is termed a prize fight by that description of journalism claiming "all the decency," but whose columns afford sufficient evidence of their real character. The *Iowa Times*, in an article on sporting affairs, says, very truly, that "some persons object to the getting up of schools for instruction in boxing, but if it be respectable to teach fencing and pistol—large amounts of public treasure are expended to teach our young men the art of war-like killing, we do not see the harm of learning the youth of our country how to use the arms and fists God has given them, in self-defence. A 'well ordered' blow from a tool that is always handy—at the end of your arm—may do effectual service in relieving you of a present difficulty, and at the same time inflict no lasting injury upon the person whom you were necessitated to upset. We prefer a square game of knock-down, if fighting becomes necessary at all, (and in this wicked world bad blood will sometimes require letting) to the cowardly practice of knifing an opponent when a quarrel which may have been of your own seeking is about to result in your own defeat."

Plainly spoken, without any of those excuses which some papers find it necessary to make when speaking of such matters. In our own city, we have a number of journals that take every opportunity to oppose and try to crush out our sporting friends and their pastimes, by coupling them with questionable characters and events with which, in fact, they are not, in the remotest manner, connected. When, however, it is to the interest of such journals, they change their tactics for the time being, and "go in with the boys." The "boys," however, are now pretty well up to this sort of double-dealing, and will hereafter refuse to allow themselves to be made tools of, to subserve the interests of those, who, as a general thing, condemn them and their amusements.

COCKING.—The great and unusual interest which is now so generally manifested in the Atlantic States, relative to the game fowl, and the breeding of the same, has extended itself to the Pacific, where numerous spirited contests have been, and are still taking place, between the different breeds of the game cock. A San Francisco paper, in relating an event which came off in that city lately, says: "there were nine fights in all during the evening, between American and Spanish cocks, the lightest being 3 lbs. 15 oz., and the heaviest 4 lbs. 6 oz. All of them were fought with 1½ inch gaffs. The best contests worthy of note was between a Spanish 'henry' cock, 4 lbs., and a white imp. 'Bircb,' 4 lb. 5 oz., which lasted for ten minutes, and resulted in the latter being killed. He was one of the gamest cocks in the country. The next was a long, tedious 'set-to' between a red Spanish cock, weighing 5 lbs. 5 oz., and a 'ginger red,' imported by a well known sporting gentleman. It occupied thirty-eight minutes, when the latter struck his colors to his more game and formidable antagonist. The company separated at a seasonable hour, apparently highly delighted with the sport. The pit is well kept, and reflects much credit upon the proprietor for the fair and impartial manner the amusement is conducted."

If every pit were well kept, and only such persons admitted as know how to behave themselves, the interest in the sport would become still more extended, and farmers everywhere would then begin to turn their attention to breeding the game fowl. We are happy to observe that our various pits are better conducted this season than they ever were before, and the attendance is, consequently, of a more respectable and orderly character. Gentlemen are not afraid of visiting these places, for they are free from those objectionable and quarrelsome persons who were formerly permitted to "rule the roost." Proprietors find it to their interest to see that quietness and order is observed. This is as it should be. We hope to see a little attention in this respect bestowed upon other sporting events.

FIREMEN OF ILLINOIS.—Rockford, Ill., Jan. 25, 1858.—MR. QUEEN.—Sir:—In looking over your valuable paper of Jan. —, I was somewhat surprised at seeing a communication relating to certain fire companies of this city, viz: No. 3 and 4, the statements in which are entirely false. Mr. Thumberscrew, no doubt, was jealous of the favors bestowed on No. 3 by the ladies of the Seminary, and he takes that method to show that he is no gentleman. The facts of the case are these:—No. 3 and 4 engaged to fill certain tanks at the Seminary; both companies being on the ground, No. 4 took suction from the river and played into No. 3; No. 3 was dry three quarters of the time, No. 4 being unable to supply her with water. No. 3 was not flooded once, (Mr. Thumberscrew to the contrary.) In this way one of the tanks was filled—both machines then took up for the day. The next day both being on the ground, No. 4 took suction, and played into No. 3. After playing a short time, No. 3 broke down and retired. All the hose was then put on to No. 4, (700 feet) and in that way the tank was filled, both companies on the breaks. There could not have been 1000 feet of hose on No. 4, as Mr. Thumberscrew stated, for each company only had 350 feet of serviceable hose. And his statement as to the time occupied in filling the tanks are false, for there was no person on the ground that timed it. These, Mr. Queen, are the true facts as they occurred.

SLUNG SHOT.

FEAT IN COOPERING.—A Montpelier correspondent wishes us to insert the following notice of a feat in coopering which took place some time since in that place. The Vermont Patriot is responsible for the report: John Londergan, of Montpelier, performed, on the 7th of August, 1857, one of the most extraordinary day's work ever made in a cooper shop. He made, in twelve hours, fifty four barrels; the timber, of course, being all ready. Since then, Mr. Londergan has made two barrels in fifteen minutes!

ABOUT TROUTS.

DEAR SIR.—It is still a mooted question with many: Is the small brook trout identical in species with those coarse, dry monsters—"regular spotted," though—to be found in our lakes, and other considerable bodies of water? Some facts have come within my knowledge which leave me no other course than the affirmative side of the question. I will relate one or two.

In the early history of Vermont there lived on the eastern side of the mountains two brothers, who came across, in one of their hunting tours among the mountains, a beautiful pond of water, but without a living creature of the fish kind in it. The thought occurred to them that they might raise their own fish; and accordingly they went to a brook in their neighborhood, provided with a net of some kind, and catching a large number of small trout, carried them to the pond and poured them in. How long they reaped the fruits of their labor no one knows; but for years "every little while" the head, or tail, or back-bone of a small whale in the trout line were seen lying around the premises of the brothers, who to all questions thereon indicated the little brook as the place where they were to be found; but, as you may suppose, none could show such remains as the brothers after "giving it a try." One day, however, a neighbor came upon one of them in the rear of his house dressing an enormous trout. The little brook story would do no longer, for there was scarcely a "hole" deep enough in it to hide such a fish. The brothers were watched—(Yankees know how to do that same, let me tell you)—and their secret found out. The quantities of fish taken out of the pond are said to have been enormous. Be that as it may, a trout, that probably never would have attained to the dignity of more than a few ounces in his native or ancestral brook, was taken out of the pond and weighed over twelve pounds.

In the town of Chittenden, Rutland county, in the same State, is a pond among the mountains of only two or three acres in extent, but deep enough to make your hair stand, into which, some half a century ago, a man put some small brook trout. If you should get on to the old raft, that was there, push out into the middle and put your face close to the water, the sights that you would see below would make you "holler." But they won't bite—not a nibble. Of a still summer evening the surface of the pond is said to be in a continual splash with their leaping. They have been tried at such times by some very skillful rods with that way. A friend of mine with a companion once visited the pond, and succeeded in taking out nine heavy ones as fast as they could land them. They then ceased biting, and although my friend "labored" with them for two days not another nibble did he get. These nine are the only ones I have heard of being taken out for a number of years. If you would suggest how some of those fellows might be taken, you don't know what you might find on your plate some day. I have a revenge hoarded up against that dark old hole and its tribe.

In the town of Salisbury, Addison county, is a beautiful sheet of water, some five miles long by one wide, called Lake Dunmore. At the foot of the lake is a fine hotel, which is filled with city and Southern boarders during the summer months. It is really one of the most delightful resorts in the whole Union. But the trout is what I'm at. The lake is entirely isolated, excepting one small brook that tumbles down the mountain side into it; yet there are trout in it as large as any I have ever heard of from our great Western lakes. Some three or four years since a trout was speared on the spawning bed which weighed twenty odd pounds. It is against the law to fish in the lake during spawning time; and experience is against all luck and art at any other. The spawning bed is at a particular spot in the lake where the water is very shallow. I heard a person who was out one night during the unlawful season, and who had "corroborative testimony" with him, describe the sights. He said he could liken the quantities of trout he saw to nothing better to convey a just idea than a drove of hogs! These are the "small brook trout," as I understand it?

By the way, speaking about trout, I once caught quite a large one—at least his head was, which was out of all proportion to anything I had ever seen before in a trout. Speaking of it one day, a person present said he had for several years a trout in a well, the well being only some ten or twelve feet deep and quite wide, which he fed winter and summer, and it thrived wonderfully. Having occasion to clean out and fix up his well, he took out his pet in a pail and weighed him, and he went well up to three pounds. He put him back, and in the course of two or three years that trout went down to about half a pound, and no amount of feeding would increase his weight. As with my fish, his head was big and bony, and his body like a case knife. Do trout grow thin and poor with age like other folks?

Truly yours, WITH A-HOOK.

LIFTING WEIGHTS.—Richmond, Virginia, January 31, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—Dear Sir:—Reading your *CLIPPER* of last week, I noticed, in the correspondent's column, an article which speaks of the immense strength of a Mr. Madison, who performed a few nights at our theatre in Richmond. All I wish to communicate about the matter is simply this: That Mr. Madison never performed the feat of lifting 2500 pounds while in Richmond, although he may have done it elsewhere; for I remember distinctly of visiting the theatre on the evening which he advertised to perform said "wonder." And I also remember distinctly of straining my precious "goggles" in vain! Mr. Madison, while performing with the anvils, received a blow from a sledge hammer, which "used him up" for the evening.

Yours, SHOCKHOE.

FAST TIME OF A CLIPPER SHIP.—Boston, Massachusetts, February 2, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN.—Dear Sir:—I send you an item for your excellent "Time Table." The *Clipper Ship Northern Light*, built at South Boston by the Brothers Briggs, made the passage from San Francisco to Boston, in the short time of seventy-six days and eight hours! It may be well to say that she came in ballast, but it does not detract from the great speed. Dates can be given if desired. I think the trip was made in the fall of 1853.

Yours, STEAMER.

SPORTS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Dover, New Hampshire, January 30, 1858.—FRANK QUEEN.—In the *CLIPPER* of January 30th, a "Constant Reader," in giving an account of sporting on the ice on Willard's Pond, speaks in unhandsome, as well as totally incorrect terms, of the grey colt "Capers," who is 5 years old, perfectly green, taken out of the pasture in August last, and never driven any to harness; whose owner, he says, was offered a "stake," but declined, saying: he "could not hold him." John Wiggins's sorrel horse is a nag 7 years old, and has been in constant training for three years past, and has had considerable attention bestowed on him. Now, the sum and substance of the whole matter is this, without any frothy talk: that the owners of the above green colt, "Capers," wish to make a *bona-fide* match from \$100 to \$500, that they can whip handsomely John Wiggins's sorrel horse, mile heats, to harness, best 2 in 3, on the ground or on the ice; and the driver, furthermore, will take his chances in the ring "without an assistant."

FAIR PLAY.

COCKING.

MAIN IN PENNSYLVANIA.—City of Reading, Feb. 1st, 1858.—EDITOR CLIPPER.—A main of nine cocks between certain of the fancy, was fought this day in Cumru township, a place admirably adapted for the purpose. The arrangements bid fair for a worthy event, but we must say we felt considerable disappointment, even before any fighting took place. We expected, from the admittance fee, 50 cents, to be entertained with something out of the ordinary line. The fighting took place in a room, 33 feet by 51, not very brilliantly illuminated. The principals and stage managers are also entitled to much praise for their urbanity of manners, in having invited us to remain outside or fork over the 50 cents. We had, however, provided ourself with a ticket, and merely supplicated the *magnanimous souls* for the purpose of putting their philanthropy to the test. God bless them. We envy not the position they occupy in the sporting world, and are impudent enough to advise them that if cockfighting is a business of profit and loss in their esteem, it would answer a better purpose to charge a more moderate fee. Now for the combats. No. 1 was a regular Tom Sayers, and Bill Benjamin mill. These combatants were a birchin and a black breasted red, weight 5 lb. 8 oz.; the red made his exit by a rapid flight. No. 2—These cocks consisted of a blue and a spangle, weight equal (4 lb. 13 oz.); the blue became hipped early in the fight, and had to succumb to his adversary, but not without disputing inch by inch (in a most gallant manner) the whole area of the pit. No. 3—These were a birchin and dark red, well matched, and fought well for about 10 minutes, when death became arbiter, into whose icy arms the birchin fell. The above fights were all on one side. Now fortune changed hands. No. 4—A gray and a red, even match, a tolerably good fight—gray victorious. No. 5—Dark gray and dark red; gray became conqueror with little difficulty. No. 6—Two reds, well matched—terminated as the two previous fights. No. 7—Two reds, nicely matched—made a gallant fight, but eventuated in a draw. No. 8—Consisted of two reds, one of which was White Hackle, and in the end victorious. No. 9—And last, and least too—these were a pale and dark red, weight 4 lb.—fought rapid for several seconds, when the red one cleared the course.

RECAPITULATION:

UP TOWN.								
1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
1	1	1	0	0	0	draw	1	1

DOWN TOWN.								
1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th
0	0	0	1	1	1	draw	0	0

Resulted in favor of Up Town, when the purse was awarded to them, amounting to \$45, which they pocketed, when the company dispersed to their respective abodes.

Yours, GALLO.

THE RECENT MAIN BETWEEN PHILADELPHIA AND POTTSVILLE.—Philadelphia, Feb. 4, 1858.—MR. FRANK QUEEN.—Dear Sir:—As I have just seen in the *CLIPPER* for this week an account of the main between Philadelphia and Pottsville, and as this is, as Phoenix says: "by the blessing of God and through the exertions of the immortal Washington, a free country," I take the liberty of expressing my opinion about that same:

1st. White Hackle states that ten cocks a side were matched; well, the Philadelphia cocks had from 1 to 1½ oz. over the outside limit on the Pottsville cocks every time; this was explained by the statement that the Pottsville cocks had been weighed on the scales in the house, which (the weight being very old) had lost at the rate of about 4 oz. to the pound, while the Philadelphia birds, having been weighed on standard weight, were of course heavier than those of the same nominal weight of the Pottsville cocks.

2nd. As to the considerable satisfaction which the main is stated to have given, I don't know where it was unless to the Pottsville men on pocketing the stake, or to Peter who presided at the "roulette," and I suppose made it pay, as there seemed to be several persons there who fondly imagined they knew where the little rolly-polly was going to stop. If White Hackle could have found much satisfaction in waiting for nearly an hour between the fights, as he had to do on that occasion, he has more patience than most folks.

3d. I went there at 8:10 o'clock, and stayed until 12:15, and in that time, four hours and five minutes, but four fights occurred. Then, perfectly tired, I left, but as I paid \$2, (enough to have taken me into from four to eight sparring exhibitions) I feel a right to express my opinion and to make these suggestions:

1st. That in the coming main, the parties employ beelers who do not require an hour to set two heels.

2d. That the birds, in matching them, be weighed with the same scales and weights.

These suggestions, in the free state of the country before alluded to, they (the parties) can follow or not, just as they please. However, if followed, the main will then afford some sport, and not be as was the one referred to, merely a field for the exhibition of the Christian virtue, amongst which "patience" has always held a prominent position.

Yours, &c., DROP SOCKET.

THE TRIGGER.

RIFLE SHOOTING.—City of Reading, Feb. 4, 1858.—**DEAR FRANK.**—The rifle shooting announced in the CLIPPER of the 30th ult., came off according to programme. Representatives of the trigger from Philadelphia and other adjacent places mingled with the native talent of Old Berks, and we are proud to say, that the inauguration of "off hand rifle shooting" was a complete triumph over the old foggy fashion of measuring one's length on cold mother earth behind a fence rail, or some venerable stump for a rest.

We noticed, amongst the competitors, a fair sprinkling of the pigeon shooting fraternity—(Herald, A. D., and our old friend Fred, alias Eagle Nipple, to wit;) Fred handled the rifle with a Herculean grasp, to the great astonishment of all spectators. In fact the hair trigger of his Minie Rifle was of too delicate a structure for his powerful touch; hence the premature discharges and frequent miscarriages, tallying, however, with other exploits of his in another sphere. We were informed by the target-tender that it was very difficult to give the exact measurement of his boards. Herald did not answer our expectations on the occasion, being tolerably well schooled in the galleries of Mr. Warner, and Lippincott and Co. There are, however, extenuating circumstances to be urged in his favor, the late casualty which befel him and his spouse (the day previous) in being thrown down the side of a hill (almost perpendicular) nearly 100 feet, by the shying of a horse, who backed wagon and inmates that terrible distance. That they escaped death was miraculous, and hence we infer that his nerves received a shock from which he could not have recovered, and to that fact we ascribe his failure; but we cannot account for the shortcomings of his preceptors in any other way than, "The race is not always to the swift."

The shooting ground is in the rear of the Mansion, which is accessible by a circuitous flight of steps, a secluded and very desirable spot for the lovers of such sport. A shooting box is erected on the site: in which a good supply of Lager, Wine (domestic), Switzer and Limburger Cheese; Bolognes, and eatables of every description were served up by our worthy host, Mr. Lauber. The shooting commenced at 1 o'clock P. M. on Monday, the weather at that time being favorable. There were 134 boards, at 50 cents each, distributed among 30 competitors. The prizes consisted of a hog, valued at \$60, and \$7 in cash. After a spirited contest, which was prolonged to 4 o'clock P. M. the following day, during which time the weather alternated from snow to rain, and from rain to sunshine frequently, the prizes were awarded as follows: Thomas Hemig, (a pupil of our friend A. Lippincott's gallery), first prize, making a string of 3½ inches with 3 balls; Andrew Dehart (proxy for Jacob Haller), making a string of 3½ inches with 3 balls.

Our friend Delaney made some good boards also. Jno. Goodhart and others acquitted themselves well, particularly the host of the renowned Union House, who makes promises of becoming a true disciple of off-hand rifle shooting. Thus ended the day's amusement, which was conducted in the most praiseworthy manner. The hog was sold to its former proprietor, who purposes slaughtering the same on Monday, the 8th inst., when hog-fanciers will have another opportunity of putting their geometrical instruments to the test. No Minie Rifles will be required then. No doubt the host of the Union House (Mr. Wm. Fry) will have a dig for the box. Hoping that better success may await him than in the former contest.

Yours fraternally, PIGEON FEATHER.

PRIVATE MATCH AT PIGEONS.—Cumru Township, Feb. 1, 1858.—**MR. EDITOR:** While taking a stroll along the Schuylkill this day, my attention was directed to a crowd of persons whom I understood had assembled for the purpose of shooting at pigeons from a trap. Not being interested in such affairs, I approached within reasonable distance, (as I supposed) when presently I perceived a person placing a pigeon in a trap, from whence it was fired at by a shooter, and shot (and myself slightly riddled, when I made tracks.) From the others I learned that the party consisted of men from the Rolling Mill, who were desirous of trying their hands in shooting from a newly invented trap, which appeared to meet their approval. The conditions were to shoot 21 yards rise, 100 yards fall, 14 oz. shot.

Not being acquainted with them, nor the mode and regulations of shooting, the following statement I collected from one acquainted with the party, which you are at liberty to publish, and which will much oblige a new correspondent and friend.

GHOST ISLAND.
C. W. 111000—3 out of 6 | T. T. 00101—2 out of 5
R. E. 00100—1 out of 5 | R. T. 11101—4 out of 5

MATCH AT POINT BREEZE.—Philadelphia, Jan. 31, 1858.—**FRIEND QUEEN:**—An interesting pigeon match, for \$25 a side, and the championship of the 2d Ward, came off at the house of Chas. Hoffer, Point Breeze, on Thursday, Jan. 28th, between a gentleman named Hooper, and Red Eye. The conditions of the match were to shoot at 40 birds each, from a ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 bounds, using 1 oz. shot. The day being fine, there was a strong muster of shooting sharps about, and let it be placed to the credit of both parties, that they had the best flyers that could be produced. There was considerable sport at the match, and everything passed off well. The following is the summary:

Hooper 0010000100001000110000001000000000
Red Eye 000000000100001100000001000010001
Won by Red Eye. WHISKY POST.

PIGEON SHOOTING.—On Thursday, Feb. 4, there was a good muster of spectators at Prospect Hill, Brooklyn, to witness a match at pigeons between Mr. John Taylor, of Jersey City, and Mr. Osborne, of Brooklyn. The conditions were, 5 birds each, 21 yards rise, and 80 yards boundary, to shoot out of double guns, with 1½ oz. shot. It was won by the latter gentleman, who shot in first rate style.

SUMMARY:
Mr. Osborne 1111—4 | Mr. Taylor 0011—2
A sweepstakes was subsequently shot for, with six subscribers, and resulted in a tie, the deficiency of pigeons preventing the match being otherwise decided.

SUMMARY:
Mr. Taylor 1111—5 | Mr. Sharpe 10—1
" Harrison 10—1 | " James Turner 1111—5
" Rowe 10—1 | " Tomlinson 1111—5

The sweepstakes for the picture of "Pigeon Shooting," alluded to in our last CLIPPER, is still open, at the house of Mr. R. Swithenbank, Grapes Hotel, Atlantic street, Brooklyn, where it is on view.

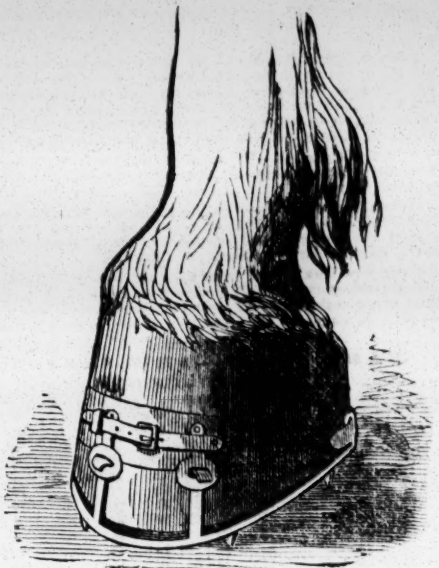
TRAP SHOOTING IN TRENTON.—Trenton, New Jersey, February 1, 1858.—**DEAR FRANK:**—As there is no regular correspondent from Trenton, I thought I would inform you that we have a little sport occasionally, as well as other folks. We have a few devoted sons of the trigger, and right good fellows they are. Messrs. Barrow, Mitchell, Ashmore, and Crozer, are considered some at the trap, and occasionally get up a little match for the pure love of the thing. A match came off on the 30th of January, between Messrs. Ashmore and Crozer, at 21 birds each, 21 yards rise, 100 yards bounds, 1½ oz. shot, spring trap, for a purse of \$50. The spot selected for the trial, was Tyburn, within two miles of Trenton. After refreshing the inner man with the needful, and arranging preliminaries, at it they went. It is but justice to the men to say, that there was a stiff north-wester blowing, and the birds went off like a streak of greased lightning. The following is a summary:

Ashmore 0011010101101111 | Crozer 01100110101000100

The all-important affair being settled in favor of Ashmore, the party struck a bee line for Trenton, and arrived without accident at the house of D. Caminade, who,

by-the-by, is the prince of good fellows. The party then indulged in a sensation or two all around, and as the exhilarating effects of some of Cam's best began to pervade the party, they talked "shoot" strong, and the result was, that a match was made between Messrs. Ashmore and Hultz, to shoot at 25 birds each, on the 8th instant, for \$50 a side, to come off at the same place, the result of which I will apprise you.

TRIGGER.



THE CRAMPON.

For the following description and engraving of "the cramp" we are indebted to the conductors of the *Illustrated Inventor*—a weekly (London) journal which is fast rising into popularity:—"This is an invention by M. Anelli, and is intended as a sort of outer shoe to prevent horses from slipping in frosty weather. It is readily buckled on and taken off the hoof, without, of course, removing the shoe, and will last for years. It supercedes the very inconvenient, expensive, and ruinous method of what is termed *roughing* now in use; and, having been tried at the Royal Mews, in the presence of Mr. Longworthy, principal veterinary surgeon to the Queen, and Mr. Wilkinson, principal veterinary surgeon to the Horse Guards, it has been met with the most entire approval by all present. The engraving will give an accurate idea of the nature of this invention."

THE HORSE CHARMER.

The following singular article is from the *Indiana Farmer*, and we shall be glad to know if the editors of that paper have not been imposed upon. A few years ago, during the session of the United States Agricultural Society at Washington, we saw some feats performed by a horse-trainer. He used a small drum, kept continually beating, and the wildest and most unmanageable horse that could be found would follow him like a dog. He would go into the stables without the least fear of being kicked, commencing to beat this drum, before going near the horse, and performing some manipulations about his head, which we supposed to be, at the time, mere pretences, but they may have been connected with the following receipt. Many accounts have been given in English journals of what are called the "Horse Whisperers," that are to be found at English and Irish Fairs, pretending to whisper in the ears of horses, after which the most untractable are readily managed by themselves and others.

The horse castor is a wart, or excrescence, which grows on every horse's fore legs and generally on the hind legs. It has a peculiar, rank, musty smell, and easily pulled off. The ammoniacal effluvia of the horse seems peculiarly to concentrate in this part, and its very strong odor has a great attraction for all animals, especially canine, and the horse himself.

For the oil of cumin, the horse has an instinctive passion—both are original natives of Arabia, and when the horse scents the odor, he is instinctively drawn toward him.

The oil of rhodium possesses peculiar properties. All animals seem to cherish a fondness for it, and it exercises a kind of subduing influence over them.

The directions given for taming horses are as follows: Procure some horse-castor, and grate it fine. Also, get some oil of rhodium, and oil of cumin, and keep the three separate, in air tight bottles.

Rub a little oil of cumin upon your hand, and approach the horse in the field, on the windward side, so that he can smell the cumin. The horse will let you come up to him without any trouble.

Immediately rub your hand gently on the horse's nose, getting a little of the oil on it. You can then lead him anywhere you please. Give him a little of the castor on a piece of loaf sugar, apple or potato.

Put eight drops of oil of rhodium into a lady's silver thimble. Take the thimble between the thumb and middle finger of your right hand, with the forefinger stopping the mouth of the thimble, to prevent the oil from running out whilst you are opening the mouth of the horse.

As soon as you have opened the horse's mouth, tip the thimble over upon his tongue, he is your servant. He will follow you like a pet dog.

Ride fearless and promptly, with your knees pressed to the side of the horse, and your toes turned in and heels out; then you will always be on the alert for a shy or sheer from the horse, and he can never throw you.

Then if you want to teach him to lie down, and stand on his high or left side, have a couple of leather straps about six feet long; string up his left leg with one of them round his neck; strap the other end of it over his shoulders; hold it in your hand, and when you are ready, tell him to lie down, at the same time gently, firmly, and steadily, pulling on the strap, touching him lightly on the knee with a switch. The horse will immediately lie down. Do this a few times, and you can make him lie down without the straps.

He is now your pupil and your friend. You can teach him anything, only be kind to him—be gentle. Love him and he will love you. Feed him before you do yourself. Shelter him well, groom him yourself, keep him clean, and at night always give him a good bed, at least a foot deep.

In the winter season, don't let your horse stand out a long time in the cold without shelter or covering; for remember that the horse is an aboriginal native of a warm climate, and in many respects his constitution is as tender as a man's.

A NOVEL TEAM.—The Newbury, Vermont, *Aurora* says: Mr. J. B. King, of Shelburne Falls, Massachusetts, arrived in Windsor last Saturday, in a sleigh drawn by four large Newfoundland dogs. These animals are perfectly trained, and are able to draw a load of five or six hundred pounds weight, besides sleigh and driver, at the rate of six or seven miles an hour if the roads are in good order. The dogs are fed on meat twice a week, the balance of the time they are fed on corn meal, wet up with water. They consume about five quarts of meal per day. Mr. King is an agent for the sale of cutlery, blis, &c. Being a paralytic in his lower limbs, he has adopted this mode of traveling as being cheap and expeditious.

THE RACE HORSE.

BY STONEHENG.

NUMBER FOUR.

TRAINING THE THREE-YEAR-OLD.

SECOND PREPARATION.—The physic having been given as usual, and the colt entirely recovered from its effects, may now, if the weather is open, be put in as strong work as his trainer thinks he can bear. At first his gallops will begin with three-quarters of a mile, in which he will take his turn in leading with the others, if he is not very much averse to that position in the string. All the colts, however, of every age, should be made to lead occasionally; for unless they will do so they are never capable of winning a race, because they will not leave their horses when called upon, in order to pass the winning-chair first. This, therefore, should be attended to, and they should take their turn in front, one after another; though they are often met with instances in which this position is preferred, and then, in the general way, it may be conceded to these animals when the rest of the string are equally good in any situation. Sometimes, also, the fretfulness in company is so great that the colt can hardly be done justice to except by keeping him by himself, and giving him all his work, whether walking, galloping, or sweating in solitude. It is true that such an animal is doubly excited when he comes to the post, and if this irritable condition could be worn off by any moderate time spent in waiting and gradually accustoming him to company, it would be better to do this. But often in spite of all care, and of every attempt to remove it, the irritability continues, and the only remedy is to train in solitude, and to trust to subsequent careful treatment for the removal of the bad effects of the race. It is not so much the one act of irritation which upsets a colt as the constant and daily fidgeting and sweating incurred in training him among a lot of strings; and hence it is that the necessity exists for removing him into quiet, if he is of this temperament. It is a great misfortune and drawback, and few horses of this kind are able to do much on the turf; but with one of good breeding and fine frame, the breeder will generally like to persevere until he has had an opportunity of trying his actual form.

THE CONSTITUTION OF WORK under this precaution is to be very much on the principal laid down previously, adding about a quarter of a mile to the gallops, and one mile to the sweats, which may now be three miles in length, and should not be given too early in the morning on account of the cold. The same varieties in temper, constitution, and health will be met with as in the two-year-olds, and will require constant modification in the treatment; but on the whole, the difference from the plans described previously, is only in degree, the principles being identical. Up to this age there has been very little occasion for practising the colt on any surface but a dead level or slight ascent, as very few half-mile courses are of any other nature; but now it will be necessary to give him or her, as the case may be, some practice over slight descents as well as ascents, because in many courses—such as at Epsom, for instance—there is considerable variation in this particular; and unless the colt is galloped over similar ground he will be sure to be alarmed and thrown out of his stride at a time when such an event would be a certain prelude to defeat. The gallops, therefore, but not the sweats, on account of the weight of clothing, should be over training ground of the same character, being partly level, partly down-hill, and finishing with a slight rise. Every precaution should be taken against holes, ruts, &c., which are fertile sources of strains and breaks-down; and indeed it is maintained by some experienced trainers that the latter accident never occurs except from uneven ground. This however, it is impossible to prove or disprove, for no ground in the world is perfectly even, and therefore in case of such an accident occurring it may always be alleged, without fear of contradiction, that the ground was the cause, from its uneven nature. But as I have seen many times a break-down actually happen on a part of a course where it was impossible to detect the slightest unusual inequality, I am satisfied that it is sometimes from other causes, and I believe from the muscles losing their tone in consequence of being overtaxed. The last sweat is generally given a week before running, and it is usual to make it pretty severe; but in this, as in all other cases, the discretion of the trainer must be called into play. Generally, however, the increase of age allows of an extra degree of liberty being taken, and there is not that excessive degree of caution to be observed as with the early two-year-old. The gallops may be smart during the last week, and on the second day before the race a rattler should be given, so as to open the colt's pipes well and make him blow smartly, but not so as to distress him. If he comes round from this thoroughly in a few minutes, and is lively afterwards, with a bright eye, and without any appearance of fatigue, it may be conjectured, in accordance with other signs of condition, if existing, that all is well, and that the race will be borne with impunity, and contested with as much vigor and lasting quality as can be got into the colt without a longer preparation later in the spring.

TRIALS.—A fortnight, or perhaps even ten days, before the race, and generally the day before the last sweat, a trial may be had in private with all the three-year-olds which are forward enough; and among them there is generally a trial-horse which has been out in the autumn, and has thus got the length of some one or more dreaded competitor, or, at all events, of some colt or filly whose form is well known as compared with this anticipated rival. These being all equally prepared, are started and tried over a mile, or, at most, a mile and a quarter, which is quite as far as this short preparation will allow; and according to the result is the opinion formed of their qualities. This trial may be supposed to take place early in March if the weather will permit; but as there are few races of importance for three-year-olds alone until April, it can only be intended to run these forward colts or fillies in mixed trial-stakes or in handicaps in the month of March. For this purpose a well-known trial-horse must be obtained, which has been run in one or more handicaps at a known weight; and he must be weighed in this trial accordingly, giving as much as, or rather more than, he would do in the actual race if engaged. The reason why he should give more weight is, that the distance is generally less than that which is to be actually run on account of the want of preparation, and which has hitherto to be made up. Now, it is well known that it takes a greater allowance of weight to bring horses together in a short race than over a longer distance, and therefore it is now necessary to give the superior trial-horse a little more than his specified weight. With these remarks the subject may be concluded, as the final preparation for the subsequent three-year-old races in no respect differs from that described heretofore, except that the sweats are usually limited to three miles, or three miles and a half, and the gallops to a little over the distance they have to run, which varies from a mile to a mile and a half, or, in some of the handicaps, to two miles and upwards.

ACCIDENTS.—During the course of all the preparations numberless accidents will occur, such as sprains, breaking down, curbs, blows, &c., &c.; together with the diseases of the limbs, as spavins; and of the general system, as distemper or influenza, strangles, &c., &c. All these will be found treated of under the General Diseases of the Horse, and may be managed as there directed. For further observations on Feeding and Watering, see the same articles.

A GREAT INSTITUTION.—In a certain benighted part of the country may be seen, on the outside of an humble cottage, the following inscription in large gilt letters: "A sanctuary for young ladies," and immediately underneath there is added, in rude characters: "Notey Beney"—also, a galls skool."

BEN BARTHOLOMEW,

THE CELEBRATED JOCKEY.

JAMES BARTHOLOMEW, though more familiarly known as "Ben," is Yorkshire bred, and Newmarket born. His father, who came from the vicinity of Doncaster, married and settled at Kentford, some four miles from Newmarket, on the Bury-road. He kept there, for some time, "The Cock" Inn, a hostelry well known to the Chifneys, Arnolds, Wheatley, Goodison, and others of the old school of jockeys, as the turning point in many a weary walk. It was here, in their wasting excursions, they could take just five minutes' rest ere trudging back again; and it was here, in the March of 1824, that one of the most worthy of their successors first saw the light. Many a wrinkle must "Ben" have heard from those Eldons of their order; and often must he now regret that he can no longer follow in their footsteps on the Bury road. Of course, the rulling passion was soon contracted; and at a very early age, the hero of this brief history left the Cock Inn for William Ridsdale's stables at Newmarket. His schooling here, however, was of but short duration. In twelve months Mr. Ridsdale lost most of his horses, and Ben was for some time out of work. Still, he had already established something of a character as a quiet, steady lad; and this, with his former master's strong recommendation, soon procured for him another. He could scarcely have chosen a better tutor than the late Joseph Rogers, under whom Bartholomew completed his education, and for whose stable he made his first appearance in public. With "the old man," indeed, he soon became a great favorite. The lad's portrait was introduced into a picture with a famous mare, and "many is the half-crown I got from being asked into the parlor to show how like it was to me." It could not have been, either, a difficult one to take; for, just then, Ben's face was a good deal like a full moon, and his figure about as broad as long.

The connection with the Rogers' stable has never been severed, although Bartholomew soon came out as jockey on his own account. As far back as the spring of 1841 we find him in regular practice at Newmarket, where, in the Craven Meeting, he won a race at 6st. 12lb. for Mr. Batson, on Barbara; and in the Second Spring Meeting, the Suffolk Stakes for Pottis, on Langloose, drawing 6st. 11lb. Two seasons after this, in 1843, he got a mount for the Derby on Mr. Harvey Coombe's Fakesaway; a gentleman who, like Mr. Rogers, has never since tired of him. It is one of those jackets, the purple and white—Bartholomew always looked at home in. From this period up to the close of 1847, our young jockey came fairly into repute. A variety of circumstances gave him a great deal of riding for his old master's stables, and some of his best races are to be traced to this era in his career. In 1846, for instance, he won the New Stakes at Ascot, for Lord Londale, on Joy; beating the then-renowned Sting by a head, with a very large field behind him; no less than twenty others ran, with 12 to 1 as the market price against Joy. Then, again, in the autumn of the same year, he had the best of another still well remembered contest; when, for the same noble lord, he won the Grand Duke Michael, on Jericho, overcoming George Edwards on the favorite, the handsome Idas, also by a head. But Jericho, although not altogether the most fortunate, was always a fancy of Ben's; and in the opening of the next year, he pulled through another famous race with him. This was for the Port, which brought out a field of four, the picked horses, and, still more certainly, the picked jockeys of the day: Sam Day, on Old England; Flatman, on Miss Elis; Robinson, on Idas; and Bartholomew, on Jericho. The finish was left to Jericho on Old England; and the Calendar, which had just then taken to registering particulars in full, records it as "a splendid run in with two; ending in favor of Jericho by a head." In 1847 we can remember him at Ascot, on Jericho, for the Cup; and more successful with Troncher, for Mr. Coombe. But it was not a good year, and by the next he had Lord Exeter's first jacket in his keeping. The engagement was not a long one; and by the time the Midas and Stockwell turn had come, their triumphs had to be written under "the Norman Conquest." The Bishop of Romford's Cob, Sword-player, Tisiphone, Coscachia, Gardenia, and Glenavon, were amongst the best which Harlock could prepare for Ben's finishing touch. In the next few years, we have him still creeping on, with Captain Lane, Mr. Ford, Lord Glasgow, Mr. E. R. Clarke, Mr. Osbaldeston, and others, added to his list of employers.

Bartholomew did a good deal in a quiet way for Captain Lane, and was very great on that clipping two-year-old Payment, for Mr. Ford. He, however, considers Ruby the best young one he ever handled. Becoming more and more known and liked, and a favorable opening or two occurring, the year 1855 saw our jockey fairly established amongst the best of his trade. He had an immense deal of riding, in this season—on Fly-by-Night and Lord Derby's horses for Scott's stable—was as well mounted by Mr. Stanley on Mary Copp and Co.—fourth for the Derby, on Flatterer; third for the Oaks on Capeline; with a very good week at Ascot, always a favorite course of his. Lord Bruce, Mr. Rudstone Reade, and Sir Charles Monck now took their turn for his services.

No year could have opened more auspiciously than did the following. Bartholomew had unquestionably the call of any man of the day, and no one was less likely to abuse such an advantage. He was by this recognized as the first jockey for Scott's stable, with many others always anxious to have him when they could. Up to the time of his accident he rode in every race of any importance—the Two Thousand and Thousand Guinea Stakes, the Chester Cup, the Derby, the Oaks, the Arcot Cup, the July, and, in fact, all the great events previous to Goodwood. How Fly-by-Night did not win the Derby is still a mystery with him; as, indeed, after the Ascot performances it was to most people. Bartholomew was again in luck here, winning a rather remarkable race for the Cup on Winkfield; made, as it was, yet more memorable by the excitement of the owner, who, it is said, never got over it. His jockey's fee was the handsome sum of two hundred. At Goodwood Ben opened still under the most favorable auspices. On the first day he won the Gratwicke for Lord Derby on Fazzoletto, and the Lavant on Impetuous, for "Mr. Newland." The next day, as is too well known, he was one of the most injured of all the jockeys down in the fearful smash for the Goodwood Stakes. At the turn near the Craven starting post, Chevy Chase ran on the bank, and then fell back into the Course; a whole crowd of horses, of course, coming on to her, seven of which were also down. These included Bartholomew, on Baron Rothschild's Hungerford, and Mandy on Jolly Marine; both so severely injured as to have to remain for several weeks in the Chichester Infirmary. A subscription, amounting to £450 was subsequently divided between these two, and Ashmall and Hearnden, who were also, though less, seriously hurt.

Bartholomew wintered carefully and well; and with every prospect, as it was thought, of resuming his riding this last spring. Unfortunately, he has now found it impossible to waste, and during the year he has been but twice up. In the Newmarket Craven Meeting, he reached 9st. on Pitta-Pat for his old employer, Mr. Coombe, (in the Craven of '56 he had ridden for Mr. Coombe at 8st.) and at Ascot, for the Cup, he again rode Winkfield at 9st. 3lb. As the horses went to the post on that bumper day, a cry rose in the Stand that somebody was off! It turned out to be again poor Ben, whose stirrup leather had broken, just as Winkfield twisted suddenly round. He, however, rode the race, and we so saw him safely through probably the last he ever will ride.

Since then, Bartholomew has abandoned all hopes of the cap and jacket; and with a young family depending upon him, has at once taken to another calling. He is now the landlord of the Crown Inn, Newmarket; a business in which his past career will be sure to serve him. He has deservedly gained the respect both of his employers and his fellows; and neither, we trust, will refuse to give him another fair start.—[Sporting Review.]

• This half-year's work shows sixty-six mounts, of which he won thirty-one.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

E. B. C. Bokken, N. J.—Many thanks for your long and valuable letter; it is filed away in our private cabinet. We scarcely need publish the whole of it, but will give and reply to the points bearing upon the matter at issue.

Yes, say: "Neither of the positions you give were entered in the tourney—both are amended versions."

Now here we convict even Eugene B. Cook of a piece of sophistry, or, perchance, bad logic, outright. The prize was promised to the best set, relatively, without reference to absolute excellence. Now it was so payable on the face of the outside that the "Monthly" should be a Black one, and was so made by the author, that you yourself so published it and thereby forever silenced, by your own act, any plea of want of excellence, either relative or absolute, in that problem. In the conditional problem we are aware that a superior White P on K 8d was removed, but on your own recommendation, we are informed, as in nowise affecting the soundness of the problem but merely improving its personal appearance. Options of its merits can be settled by the chess-playing public, as it is now placed before an audience of 20,000 persons, in place of 800. So again we say that, until it demonstrates that it had a better among those six sets, and awards the prize accordingly, the "Monthly" stands in the position of having provided an honorary position and a prize, and then, when fairly won, refusing to give either. Why? Who has excelled this set? Between whom and our contributor did the competition run so close that the presence of one merely superior P decides his to be inferior?

Justice requires that the following passage of your letter, in reply to the point of being ready to give a decision as umpire, should be given: "Before I saw the original transcript of the Self-mate, I was disposed to think that the position had been miscopied. The following extract from a letter addressed by me to the composer will best correct the erroneous statement in the latter part of that passage. 'Your best course would be to communicate with the committee, with Mr. Fick, upon matters. When called upon as umpire by the committee, my opinion will be forthcoming.' You will observe that I was entirely non-committal as to the merits of the case."

We had understood that the opinion of this act's superiority, and a readiness to decide accordingly, was given verbally in the course of conversation with the author. As to our correspondent seeking any redress from the act, or the Snobish wench in question, or expecting any fair-dealing at his hands, we can assure all concerned that it is quite out of the question—at least until a lapse of years shall have given him a much more accurate estimate of himself.

Again we thank you heartily for letter, alike welcome and valuable, and for the invitation to make your personal acquaintance.

Wm. C. M., N. Y.—Both Mr. Brown and myself sincerely regret our careless composition which would for a moment, in our haste, have given you the impression that we were merely publishers of the above work you were considered by either of us as complicated in the piece of gross editorial maladministration. Please accept our assurances that we intended no such insult.

MARTIN, Keene, N. H.—"Recreant son of Calais" sure enough. Are you located in N. Y. or do the light the CLIPPER once fairly displayed will soon break through even his darkness. The snobish affair, very much like the case in the fable, has got beyond its capacity for doing its own proper work.

C. H. T., Philad'a.—We are happy to put you upon our long list of contributors, and thank you for the attention, though this particular problem will be unavailing, as one of its moves is casting. Try again.

E. W. S., Clinton, Iowa.—Any number of checks, warded off without moving K or R, will not prevent your casting afterwards; provided, besides, you do not go out of, by, or into a check. It is difficult to find which is first moved. Angel's "Chess for Winter Evenings," Staunton's "Chess Player's Handbook," and Walker's "Art of Chess Play."

CHURCH, Augusta, Me.—Thank you for the following information:—THE AUGUSTA CHESS CLUB—has been organized with the following officers: Albert S. Rice, Esq., President; Russell P. Eaton, Esq., Secretary. The meetings are held weekly, on Thursday evenings, at present, at the hours of the several meetings. All lovers of our dear old pastime are cordially invited to join the club. Now for some specimens of your standing. The book cannot be found now; shall we "grab" the first one that appears, for you? Thanks for compliments.

Doctors, Milwaukee, Wis.—Many thanks for the good things sent, and the promise of more. We will copy the game in a week or two. Keep on.

PATTERSON, Philad'a.—Thanks for compliments; first in with the solution of Problem 99. Don't let your modesty stand in the way of your improvement, or of your frequent correspondence with the CLIPPER. How comes on your match with "Immovable?"

ROBINSON, N. Y.—Your last problem is faulty; the P's at their 7th may both make K's, beginning with B's, and so get a radically different solution. Try again.

R. J. W., Boston.—Game and Problem both received, and on file; thanks for both.

ALONSO, Salem, Mass.—Where's that palisade? Solutions correct; we believe so, too. Are they not both fine?

WALKER, Wareham, Mass.—Your problems appear to be quite sound, and are pretty; they shall receive the final test of publication.

Dr. FINE, Newark, N. J.—Your fine 8-pounder next week. Thank you for the selection.

T. F., New York.—Thank you cordially for the pains taken to forward us the information. Our players need, and will have, some "down town" place, central in location and liberally conducted, where they can meet for a friendly game during the leisure hour of an afternoon; and, at the same time, procure a lunch and a choice Havana. We have verified your good opinion of the new place by actual observation, and second your efforts by cheerfully calling on the scattered forces to rally under the new banner. Here is your note, and we will shortly add something more of our own.

REMOVAL.—Going to the reader's column at "Immovable's," the chess men are all abroad for a move. The scattered forces may, however, rally under Capt. Bechtel, who has, in the most liberal manner, provided good men and boards, gratuitously, at his saloon, No. 120 Fulton street; and it is a further consolation to know that you may there get something good to eat, to drink, and to smoke.

Yours in Chess. T. F.

CARSW, Catskill, N. Y.—You have applied to the right place for assistance, this time. We will let you know of the first copy that can be got. \$1.25. A correct "opening" is, in ordinary hands, indispensable to a good or instructive game. Nary bore. Wouldn't some of your players like to play a game through our columns? The problem named we will give as a "Gum"—some time. Problem on file for examination.

T. M. B., Penn Yan, N. Y.—Your note, acknowledging the receipt of "that prize" next week. If the notice at the head of the column makes any change desirable, why, express your "phelinks" ad lib.

C. H. T.—The answer to your first letter will account for our silence with regard to the second.

CAMBRIDGE, Boston.—Glad of the good news; problem received, thank you; will look at that solution. Brush up "G. H. H." for us.

CONSULTATION GAMES on Thursday evenings, at our Metropolitan Club. The members are earnestly requested to rally around their too-nearly deserted standard.

Our Pros, Philad'a.—That's the kind; your chess student after our own heart. Our Problems 98 and 99, merit your encomiums. Write us such notices of your chess circle as you would like to have us publish and it shall appear. You have enough to organize with plenty enough. We will ever strive to merit your compliments upon our labors.

X. Y. Z., BAKER.—We did mean Metellus.

DUNKIN, Brooklyn.—We should be pleased to have you communicate with us.

G. H. H., Boston.—We have re-examined Eligma No. 98, and believe it to be quite right. What made you think you had on the move?

H. A. B., Cleveland, Ohio.—"Cricket" respectfully declines your proposition for entering upon a competition game to the one now in progress.

BETA, New York Free Academy.—Your welcome communication appears below. We are now preparing an article on "Chess in Schools," to be inserted in your club. Can you not procure some information respecting the rival club in your institution?

THE MANHATTAN CHESS CLUB, lately instituted at the New York Free Academy, we are happy to state is in the condition. The tournament for the Obsolete approach completion the office lying between Messrs. C. L. Bales, D. P. Fackler, E. A. Wood, and D. Woolf. They meet Tuesday and Friday afternoons and evenings, at Room No. 24, New York Free Academy, Lexington Avenue, corner of 23d street. Although this is a Junior Chess Club, we are requested to invite members of the Academy in general, to attend its meetings. BETA.

We are pleased to learn from our Milwaukee correspondent that a match by correspondence is entered into between their club and the Madison Chess Club; also between the Milwaukee and Germania Club of M. We shall be happy to be kept advised of their progress.

FOOT OF HONOR.—Our esteemed correspondent, Theo. M. Brown, has been invited, and has accepted the invitation, to furnish the opening problem for the new Chess Department of the "Lynn News," Lynn, Mass.; a truly paid commitment to one of the ablest composers our country can boast.

AMATEURS, Lynn, Mass.—Can we not avail ourselves of your friendly offices to secure some specimens of your new Chess Department?

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN BOSTON AND PHILADELPHIA.

White—Philadelphia. Black—Boston.

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"ORIGINAL POME."

A LA LONGFELLOW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY "CHRONICLER."

Near the corner of Broome street,
In the avenue called Broadway,
Where the stages rush so madly,
Where the minstrels near to Allen's,
Dance the jigs of Ole Virginny,
Stand a covey of the Virginny,
Known as Wallack's to the many,
Who frequent its pleasant boxes,
Here I spent the other evening
With my better half and Jimmy,
Looking at the funny droll,
Made upon the floor of N. Y.,
By the club of 4 authors,
Who combined their wit and talent,
For the purpose of constructing
Tragedies of local interest,
For the stage of this theatre.
First, a banker comes before us,
Who is infamously going
For to take the bills and money
Which some simple hearted people
Put in his "Brown Stone Institution."
As if to add his wicked actions,
A noble, rich, and bluff old sailor
Deposits with him for safe keeping
A leather bag of golden dollars,
Which he calls a "Hundred Thousand."
Then takes from out his blue coat pocket
One of Stewart's best rooters,
Which he caps upon his eye-lids
With the force of sixty pounds weight,
When they ask him what's the matter?
Turns his mournful eyes upon them
With a most heart-rending shout;
Cries, "No children, oh, no children!"
Sinks upon a cushioned arm-chair,
Worth, I should say, five and sixpence;
Sinks, a victim to his phellinks,
Out down in the prime of manhood,
By the searing thought, poor fellow,
He would lose his "Hundred Thousand."
But no further need I narrate,
For the purpose of describing
This most eminent production.
Now let "Gabriel" sound his trumpet
From the walls of Augustine
To the falls of the Niagara,
Telling to the wondering people
How this company of writers
With each other have united
In producing "Native Dramas."
No more we'll steal the works of others;
No more we'll look to foreign shores;
No more we'll live on French translations;
Pandering to a morbid fancy.
A new era has arisen!
Our cause in hand "Four Stars" have taken,
With commendable desire,
Long may they live, all bliss enjoying,
But when death, relentless, calls them
From the glorious field of labor,
History will sing their praises:
How they wrote, and how they flourished,
Near the corner of Broome street,
Where the stages rush so madly,
Where the minstrels, near to Allen's,
Dance the jigs of "Ole Virginny."

LIFE AND BATTLES OF TOM SPRING, THE BUTCHER, CHAMPION OF ENGLAND IN 1824.

From a work published in London in 1820.

SECOND GREAT BATTLE BETWEEN SPRING AND LANGAN.

Round 1. Spring, to our peepers, never looked so big, nor so well, in any of his previous contests, as he did at the present period; and an experienced sportsman well known in the P. R., as a backer, offered to bet that he was nearly a stone and a half heavier than his opponent. He also appeared perfectly at his ease; coolness sat upon his brow, and his deportment altogether was a fine personification; indeed, to use the expression of a Corinthian Spring of Fashion, related to one of the Mansions of the Arabian Nights' quality for riches and grandeur, "there is something about the person of the Champion, if not truly noble, yet manly and elegant." Langan also looked well; his face exhibited a tinge of the sun, and his frame was robust and hardy. His looks appeared smaller than in his former contest. His countenance was equally as pleasant and placid as his opponent's; his eyes sparkled with fire and animation, and in his mind he seemed to say:

"Thy gallant bearing, Tom, I could applaud;
But the name of Champion I must wear,
Or perish in the attempt."

Previous to setting to, Langan went up to Spring, opening his drawers, and observed, "So, Tom, I have no belt about me;" the Champion immediately followed his example, and (also opening his drawers), "Nor I neither, Jack!" This circumstance produced great applause from all parts of the ring. "Well done, Langan, bravo, Spring!" Spring now shook his brave opponent by the hand. Cribb laid hold of Tom Belcher's mantle, and Ned Painter shook O'Neil's (the new Long One, undisciplined) bunch of fives with manliness and friendship. The men placed themselves in attitudes. The glorious moment had now arrived; and the seconds, in strict compliance with the article, retired to the four corners of the stage. Quite different from the battle at Worcester, Langan stood up within the reach of his adversary, and it was pleasing to witness the activity displayed by the combatants, both prepared, moving over the stage to obtain the first hit. A stand still, steadily looking at the eyes of each other; at length Langan made an offer, which Spring stopped well. The Champion made a hit, which Langan caught on the forehead; the latter fought his way into a close, in which Spring endeavored to illustrate "a bit of good truth," by flapping his antagonist. Here the struggle began for the throw—it was desperate; the art of wrestling was not resorted to by either of the boxers; and main strength was the trial. Langan separated from the arms of Spring, and a stand still was the result. Langan observed, "First blood, Tom," which slightly appeared at the corner of Spring's mouth. The Irish Champion made a good stop, but he was blowing a little. Spring planted another facer, when Langan fought his way into a close; a desperate struggle ensued; telling the truth and fibbing was again the scene of controversy, when Langan went down on his knees. Spring patted the Irish Champion on the back with the utmost good humor, as much as to say, "You are a brave fellow." [Handful of applause. A thundering report of approbation, and "Well done, Spring!"] Four minutes and a few seconds. The referee, on being asked who drew the first blood, replied, "He did not see any on Spring; but he saw a little on the left cheek of Langan, just under his eye."

2. The spectators were completely satisfied that Langan must have possessed more than ordinary confidence on looking at the disparity of the men, when in attitudes, opposed to each other. Spring stood over the Irish Champion with the utmost ease. Langan made play; but Spring, with the nimbleness of a harlequin, showed the utility of a quick stop. The Irish Champion patted the Irish Champion on the back, and Langan broke away. A stand still; breath wanting; and considerable necessary. Langan gave Spring a severe facer with his right hand, and he tried to repeat the dose; another harlequin movement prevented it, Spring smiling. A little and a little; in fighting; a desperate struggle for the throw; downright strength, when Spring went down, Langan falling heavily upon him. Bravo! Langan! you are a break of a boy.

3. The attitudes of the combatants were highly interesting, and both extremely cautious. Spring got away from a run one that was intended for his head. The science displayed on both sides was so excellent in stopping the efforts of each other, that in the ecstasy of the moment the great Commander-in-Chief loudly exclaimed "beautiful!" Another skilful stop was made by Spring; and one also by Langan. "Well done, good on both sides," observed Mr. Jackson. Langan planted a hit. A pause. "Fight, Langan," from Belcher; "you have all the best of it," Spring drove Langan to the corner, but the hero of the back flog got out of his danger in style. He made also an excellent stop while on the retreat. Langan made himself up to do mischief; and Spring received loud applause in stopping a tremendous hit. The Champion also bobbed his head aside in the Dutch Sam style from a sucker that might have proved; a flogger to a certainty it must have been, had the blow arrived at its intended destination. The Champion also made another good bob, [applause] worth to him perhaps £500. Spring now took the lead, famously. He planted a counter without charging a halfpenny for his exertions. "How cheap!" said a sneaky. "O, my nose," observed a flash cove. "It's bothered his snuff shop," cried a smoke-pipe blade. Langan again got out of the corner like a trump. A short stand still. Heavy count. "Very nasty, Mr. Broad-day, for both of their tales tell, I should think," was the remark from a sly chap belonging to the Parity Club, and a disciple of the Sage of the East. A pause. Spring made another facer. A stand still displayed on both sides; and also drove Langan into the corner, but the Hero of the Black Wig would not be detained; he fought his way out manly; and in closing, the struggle was terrible, but Spring obtained the throw. [Loud applause.] This round occupied nearly seven minutes. The left hand of Spring was going, if not gone.

4. The "good bit of stuff from Old Ireland" endeavored to take the lead, and had the best of this round; for why? Because he fought first. He planted one or two hits, and not light ones neither, and would have kept it up to the end of the chapter, but Spring said "it wouldn't do," and stopped him. In fact, this was a well contested round on both sides; but Langan, after a terrible try for it, got Spring down. [Applause.]

5. The left ear of Langan exhibited strong symptoms of pepper; he was also plying very much; and his want of condition was visible to every judge of milling. The superior science of Spring enabled him to get away from a number of heavy blows. Langan followed his op-

ponent, trying to do something. Two counter-hits, which reminded both of the men they were milling; the claret run from Spring's nose. Spring planted a facer; and after a most determined struggle on both sides, as Langan was going down, the Champion very cleverly hit him a hard blow on the nose. "That's the way, Spring, you'll soon win it."

6. A stand still for a short time; Spring always taking his time to do his work. Counter-hits that were nothing to anybody, and a little too much for the combatants. Such scarlet remembrances in the courts of law would have an end to a long year much sooner than a nod from the Big Wig, with all his power. Langan began to snit; indeed, Spring had given him a little claret; but the Hero of the Black Wig was equally as generous whenever he had an opportunity of serving the Champion in his turn. Both down, but Spring upmost.

7. This was a prime milling round. Langan stopped well. Counter-hits, and good ones. The stopping on both sides was truly excellent, and obtained loud applause. "Be ready, my boy," said Belcher; "fight first; he can't hurt you." "Walker," replied Tom Cribb, "gammon him to that if you can." Langan followed the advice of his able second, and put a tremendous hit under Spring's left eye. The Irish Champion tried to repeat it, but it was "no go." A pause. Spring planted a facer. Langan got away from another intended for the head. The left hand of Spring told well on his opponent's body; he also planted three facers without any return. Counter-hits, of no consequence to any persons but the owners; and far from being welcome to either Spring or Langan. The Hero of the Black Wig gave Spring a nubber. In closing, Spring could not throw him, when they separated. In closing again, after another struggle, Langan received a tupper as he was staggering and going down. [Great applause.] "It won't last long; 5 to 2, and 3 to 1, Spring will win it in a few rounds," the backers of the Champion were smiling, and said "It is!"

8. Belcher got his man up very heavily; but on his being placed at the scratch, he showed fight and got away from a hit. However, Spring had decidedly the best of the round, and Langan was thrown. Twenty-five minutes.

9. This was a short round, but against the Irish Champion. Spring planted two or three nobbers, and he also got his opponent down.

10. It was evident to every one that Langan up to this time had the worst of it; and the general opinion was, that he must lose the battle. Spring planted two successful blows, without any return. Langan was getting better, and he made an exchange of blows with some effect. Belcher again cried out, "Fight, Jack!" In struggling for the throw, Mr. O'Neil sung out, "Give him a back fall, Jack, but don't hurt him." And sure enough Mr. Spring received a back fall.

11. Langan was now fast recovering his second wind, and he went to work. An exchange of blows. A pause. Langan planted a slight body hit with his left hand. Counter-hits, Langan down, and Spring fell upon him.

12. In the struggle for the throw, Spring was undermost. "Bravo, Langan!" The head of the Champion had an ugly knock against the lower rail of the stage.

13. Spring in one of the most difficult boxes on the list to be got at; however, Langan put in a body blow. In closing, both down, Spring upmost.

14. Spring was getting weak, and Langan was improving; so said the most experienced Judge of boxing belonging to the P. C. Indeed, Langan was getting better, and he made an exchange of blows with some effect. Spring ought not to have wrestled so much with his opponent. The strongest man in the world must have felt weakness had he been engaged in such violent pulling, hauling, grappling, catching hold of each other's hands, like the two combatants. This round was little more than a struggle for the throw, Langan undermost.

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17. The fine science of Spring was again exhibited in skilfully stopping his opponent; but in closing, he received a dangerous cross-buttock, which shook him terribly, and his legs rebounded from the ground. A cheering ray of applause for Langan.

18. It was not very flattering to the backers of Spring to have witnessed the manner with which Langan had got round. The Irish Champion went resolutely in, and planted two hits. In closing, Spring tried the fibbing system, when Langan broke away. Both of the combatants, in turn, retreated from the blows of each other. Both down.

19. The Champion showed weakness; it would indeed have been a singular circumstance if he had not; and he bobbed his head aside, from a tremendous right-handed blow of Langan's, which might have settled his account in favor of the Hero of the Black Wig. Spring, however, in this round, threw Langan with ease.

20. Spring stopped several blows, and the Irish Champion was thrown violently on his head, and Spring also fell very heavy upon him. Forty-five minutes had occurred. "That fall is a settler; he can't fight above another round or two."

21. Spring bobbed his opponent; a severe struggle took place at the corner of the stage, and some fears were expressed that the men might fall through the rails upon the ground. Langan received another heavy fall.

22. Langan, according to the advice of Belcher, fought first, but his efforts were stopped; and he again went down, Spring upmost. During the time the Champion was sitting on the knee of his second, he nodded, and gave a smile to his friends, intimating "it was all right."

23. This was a short round, and Spring flogged Langan down, very severely to all appearance; yet, strange to say, on being picked up and placed on his second's knee, when asked to have some brandy and water by Belcher, and who told Harmer, who was below the stage, to hand it up, "Stop a bit, Harry, only keep it cool." The President of the Daffy Club, who was standing close by at the time, observed, "What a strange fellow!"

24. After three heavy falls in succession, and a heavy fibbing in the next round, yet Langan came up with as much pluck to the scratch as if nothing had happened to him. Langan put in a body blow, but he was thrown.

25. Spring, although he had got the lead by his superior science and length, yet, nevertheless, he was determined not to give a chance

dicular. It is only by a species of jump that the "undeveloped" pedestrian is enabled to make any sort of "legal headway," for rolling is not permitted. When next a sack race is advertised, we advise our friends to be on hand for the fun.

away, and was as cautious as when he first commenced the battle. He retreated from Langan's blows, but planted some blows with success; and ultimately Langan was down.

26. Langan made play, but Spring was too leary. Both down, Spring upmost.

27. The Champion was evidently distressed, and his right hand was also getting bad. Some exchanges took place, but in a tridling struggle at the corner of the stage, it appeared to Spring's umpire that Langan went down without a blow; when he observed to Belcher, "Tell your man not to go down without a blow; I shall notice it."

"I assure you, gentlemen," replied Tom, "some blows had passed in the round, and it could not be termed going down without a blow, according to the rules of fighting." Blows, most certainly, had passed between the combatants.

28. Langan went up to the umpire, and said, "Sir, I did not go down." Time had been called, when Cribb sung out, "Why don't you come to the scratch; what manoeuvres are you about, Mr. Belcher?" "I want nothing but fair play," replied Tom, "lick us fairly, and I shall be satisfied." Langan again made play, but ultimately he was thrown.

29. Spring planted a heavy facer. "That's a little one for us, I believe," said Cribb; "our hands are gone, are they?" Langan suffered a dreadful fall.

30. It is quite certain Langan could not get the lead in his favor, but still he was not to be viewed with indifference; he was still dangerous, as a throw might have won the battle for him. Both down.

31. This round, more particularly at this stage of the fight, exalted the character of Langan as one of the gamest men alive. Langan planted a body blow, but he napped three facers in succession. A pause. Langan received a heavy body blow. He was now terribly exhausted, and fell down on his latter end.

32. This round, it was thought, would have proved the *quintus* of Langan. He was thrown heavily upon his head, which touched the lower rail. "That's a snasher! He'll not come up again," were the remarks of the spectators.

33. Spring's conduct towards Langan was generous and manly, and decidedly applauded by the spectators. Langan rushed in and made a blow at his opponent, which Spring parried; and then laying hold of Langan, let him down without any punishment.

34. The determination of Langan not only astonished all the amateurs, but also a little the backers of Spring. Without an accident it was looked almost to a certainty that Spring must win; but still an accident might happen; nay, it was impossible to assert that anything alive could master him; his backers were aware of his opinion, and therefore they would not oppose his resolution. The Irish Champion, it should be noted, if not increased punishment; yet Langan returned, and Spring, with a caution that all his backers must give him credit for, got away whenever anything like a heavy blow was levelled at him. Langan fell down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away! Where are his backers?" "Very good, indeed," replied Belcher; "you are not hurt yet, Jack; and his hands are too far gone to hurt you now." "I will not give in," said Langan; "I shall win it."

35. Langan fought in this round much better than any of the spectators could anticipate. He planted a couple of hits; it is true they were not effective, but it showed the fight was not out of him. The Irish Champion, it should be noted, if not increased punishment; yet Langan returned, and Spring, with a caution that all his backers must give him credit for, got away whenever anything like a heavy blow was levelled at him. Langan fell down quite exhausted. "Take the brave fellow away! Where are his backers?" "Very good, indeed," replied Belcher; "you are not hurt yet, Jack; and his hands are too far gone to hurt you now." "I will not give in," said Langan; "I shall win it."

36. Belcher brought his man up to the scratch, nay, almost carried him, when, singular to relate, game cock like, all his energies appeared as if they returned to him, and he scratched away like a hero. Spring, in succession, planted four blows without any return, till he went down.

37. Langan was again down on the stage.

38. The Hero of the Black Wig showed fight till he went down quite exhausted.

39. A short round; but it was surprising to witness the strength exhibited by Langan to obtain the throw. Both down, when Spring patted him on the back.

40. Langan was undermost in this round, but Spring really had his work to do to place his opponent in that situation.

41. Langan again undermost, and Spring fell heavily upon him. "Talk of giving in, Jack! you have not got a scratch yet."

42. Spring planted a facer, but he met with a return. In struggling for the throw, Langan took hold of the drawers of Spring, when Cribb and Painter called out, "Let go his drawers!" Langan immediately relinquished his hold. The Irish Champion was thrown.

43. Langan hit Spring on the side of his head, and fought well in an exchange of blows. Spring, however, obtained the throw.

44. It was astonishing, after getting the worst of it in the previous rounds, to witness the resolute manner with which Langan contended in this round. He was still dangerous in an exchange of blows; and in struggling both fell upon the stage, Langan upmost.

45. In a short time, after struggling, both went down. The John Bull Fighter roared out, "I am sorry for you, Tom Belcher; you will certainly be lagged if you do not take your man away." "Well done, Josh," replied Belcher; "that comes well from you; we shall win it; Spring can't hurt a mouse now." He then gave Langan some brandy and water.

46. Spring exhibited weakness, but he threw Langan heavily.

47. Astonishing! Langan still made a fight for it. In an exchange of blows, however exhausted the brave boy from Paddy's Land appeared to be, Spring used the harlequin's step to prevent all accidents. In struggling for the throw, both down.

48. At the scratch Langan again showed himself ready. "My dear boy," said Belcher, "it is all your own if you will but fight first." Langan put in a body blow, and he also countered with his opponent; but the Irish Champion had the worst of it, and went down.

49. Seeing is believing; but to the reader who has perused the whole of the above rounds, it must almost appear like a romance to state that Langan held Spring for a short time against the rails to get the throw, till they both went down, and Spring, with all his weight, fell upon him.

50. Spring stopped a blow; and it is also true that Spring got away from another; but ultimately Langan was hit down.

51. Langan went to work and hit Spring on the nose; but the Champion returned the favor, with interest, by nobbing his brave adversary down. "Is there anything the matter with that hand I should like to know?" [Laughter.] Lord, how Spring did hit him in the middle of the head! Cribb observed.

52. "For my soul, it's no lie! I'll bet a thousand of it," Langan three times cried. Great applause followed this circumstance.

53. "He's an extraordinary fellow," said Mr. Jackson; "he is really a very good man."

54. Spring again had all the best of this round; but Langan kept fighting till he went down.

55. This round it was thought had settled the business. Langan exchanged several blows, but in closing, Spring hit up terrifically on the face of his opponent, till he went down like a log of wood.

56. Langan commenced milling, and planted a blow on the side of



SACK RACE.

Spring's head; "Do that again," said Belcher. Langan endeavored to follow the directions of his master, but the Champion got away. Spring, now hit him staggering, repeated the dose, when Langan went down.

58. This was a good round, considering the protracted state of the battle. Langan returned some blows, till he went down. "Take him away; he has no chance."

59. Langan appeared so completely exhausted that every round was expected to be his last. He went down from a very slight hit; nay, little more than a push.

60. "Wonders will never cease!" said a cove who had lost a triffl that Langan was licked in forty minutes; "why he has got Spring down again; and it is not so safe to the Champion as his friends may think."

61. Langan was now as groggy as a sailor three sheets in the wind, and a slight blow sent him down. "I never saw such a fellow," said Jack Randall, "he'll fight for a week! He don't know when to leave off." "You are right, Jack," replied a military hero, "Langan reminds me of a remark of General Swallow, who was so tired of mowing down the Russian a dreadful enemy, that he exclaimed, angrily, 'Dim these fellows, there's no getting rid of them. The more we kill, the greater numbers appear on the field—they ought to know when they have got enough of it.'" Langan seemed to belong to the above category.

62. The distress exhibited by Langan was so great that every time he went down, it was thought he could not appear again at the scratch. If the spectators did not think Langan dangerous, Spring got away from all his hits, to prevent anything being the matter. Langan again went down.

63. Langan was still determined to have a shy for the £500, and he made a hit at Spring; but he was sent down.

64. The three to one, and even better of a higher description, were not exactly easy in their minds upon the subject. Some little time below the best of the round, although the odds might, at this period, be ten to one in their favor. For the last fifteen minutes it was next to an impossibility Spring could lose; yet, contrary to all calculation upon the subject, Langan still contested the fight. The hands of Spring were in such a dreadful state, that he could not perform the execution he wished. There was the danger, as it was possible that he might be worn out; but his caution and generalship did everything for him towards victory. Langan was so piteously distressed, that a slight touch on his arm sent him down.

65. Langan could not hit his effectual blow, but he hit Spring on the head; the latter, however, had the best of the round, but Langan got the throw, Spring undermost. "Where's the brandy?" said Belcher. "Here it is," replied Tom Cribb; "a brave fellow shall not want for anything in his possession!" "Bravo!" cried Belcher, "that is friendly, and I shall notice it."

66. The chase was decidedly against the Irish Champion; but nevertheless he attempted to be troublesome to his opponent. Spring put in a nubber, and also threw him.

67. Exchange of blows. A pause. Langan on the totter; but he planted two hits on the Champion's face; Spring followed him up, and gave Langan two blows, one in the body and one on the head, which dropped the Hero of the Black Wig.

68. The bravery of Langan was equal to anything ever witnessed in the Prize Ring. The hands of Spring were now in such a dreadful state, that he could scarcely close them, and most of his blows appeared to be open-handed. Langan, in an exhausted state, was hit down. "Take him away!" "Do you hear what they say, Jack?" "Yes," replied Langan; "I will not be taken away; I can win it."

69. In struggling for the throw, Langan's head fell against the stake; both down.

70. Langan again napped it on the nobbing system, and was sent down. One hour and forty-two minutes had elapsed. Loud cries of "Take him away!"

71. The backers of Spring were anxious to have it over; and the spectators in general cried out, on the score of humanity, that Langan ought not to be suffered to fight any more. Cribb, who did not want for humanity, and he was formerly satisfied in his own mind, that from the state of Spring's hands no danger could arise. Langan was fighting for £200 of his own battle money, therefore he had no right to interfere; he had, previous to the fight, left it in the hands of his skilful second, Belcher, who, he was certain, would not allow the fight to last longer than was safe to all parties. Langan, after a short round, was sent down.

72. It was the struggle of a hero to obtain glory; and to a brave mind defeat is more terrific than death. The Irish Champion was ambitious of conquest, and he felt the inspiring words of our immortal bard to the utmost extent:

"What man dare, I dare!
And damn'd be he, that first cries, hold! enough!"

Langan was brought to the scratch by Belcher, who said, "Fight, my dear boy, Spring can't hurt you." Langan, with undaunted resolution, plunged in to hit his opponent; but, after receiving additional punishment, he was sent down. Loud cries of "Take him away!"

73. It was now evident to all persons that Langan, while he retained the slightest knowledge of what he was about, would not give in Spring flogged Langan in the severest manner he was able, to put it till he was sent down. While sitting on the knee of his opponent, the stage, and said, "Tom Belcher, take him away; he cannot win it now." "He says he will not, Jack; and he can fight longer," replied Tom Belcher.

74. This round was a fine picture of resolution; it was a beautiful pervail of the capabilities of the mind over the most dangerous and distressing circumstances. Langan without the slightest shadow of chance. Nature fatigued, overdone, completely worn out, and refusing to second his will; Langan angry that his limbs would not do their duty; Langan, in spite of all these overwhelming difficulties, came again to the scratch, and with efforts of true courage fought till he was sent down. While sitting on the knee of his opponent, Cribb thus addressed him: "You are a brave man, Langan! 'A better was never seen in the Prize Ring,' joined Painter; 'but you can't win, Langan; it is no use for you to fight, and it may prove dangerous to you.'" "I will fight," said Langan; "no one shall take me away!"

75. When time was called, Langan was brought to the scratch; he could scarcely walk, but he placed himself in an attitude, although staggering at all points. He attempted to hit, when Spring caught hold of him, and flogged him severely. "Give not a chance away now," said Cribb; "you must finish the battle." Langan went down quite stupid. "Take him away," from all parts of the ring.

76. And last, Strange to relate, Langan again showed at the scratch; he was nearly in a state of insensibility, and it might be truly asserted that he fought from instinct, and under the doctrine of the *black flag*; "rather die than to yield!" It did not require much punishment at this period to send the brave Langan off his legs; and to the credit of Spring be it recorded, he did his duty towards his backers as a fighting man, and he acted humanely towards his opponent, that he must to the end of his life have the highest notions of respect for a man. Langan put up his arms in attitude, but they were soon rendered useless, Spring flogging him down without giving much punishment. When time was called Langan was insensible to it.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A FANCY DINNER.

A TALL, long-legged Hoosier, from Jasper county, Indiana, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck, accompanied by a swallow-tailed coat, pantaloon that refused to be coaxed down to the ankles—boots shining with tallow, and hat that scorned over half-an-inch of brim—stalked into the Richmond House, last week, to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being shown the ordinary, asked by a servant what he would have.

"Wal, dog on it, I don't know," said he, casting his eyes down the long and seemingly endless array of *fricandeaux, collets, regouts*, and other "kicksaws," on the bill of fare, which confounded him with its variety, while he despaired of grappling with them all.

"What would you take, Squire, if you were in my place? I couldn't eat them fexins, you know—I couldn't, ef I never was to hev another meal of vittles in a coon's age."

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" asked the waiter.

"Well, Squire, you're about right, I reckon. Bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your billed vittles. You tax all the same, they say, and it's hard choosing—so I'll just try one plate thro' the lot, I will, ef I bust."

THE DANCE OF DEATH.

We have heard, says the Washington States, a great deal of the dare-devilery of criminals when upon the gallows, and which is often, unfortunately, mistaken by a depraved appetite of the curious for bravery. The story of two English sailors who were hung at Tyburn, for murder, and the hardness of the one, who, when his comrade was hung up, exclaimed to the crowd: "There gentlemen, you see a spectacle—when I am up you will see a pair of them." We used to think the same of criminal wit and dare-devilness; but the speech of the late Ferris McShine, who was recently hung at Edinburgh, in Scotland, exceeds anything of the kind.

Ferris had been convicted of a cold-blooded murder, and sentenced to be hung. On the day of the execution, thousands of people had assembled to see the murderer meet his doom. Ferris, however, when asked if "he had anything to say to the crowd," coolly came forward and said: "Well, lads, you have come to see me die, have ye; but I'll disappoint ye all; for when I am strung up you will see a *Lighthouse Flang*."